Fons Lachrymarum;

OR A

FOUNTAIN

OF

TEARS:

From whence doth flow

Englands Complaint,

Jeremiah's Lamentations

PARAPHRAS'D,

WITH

Divine Meditations;

AND AN

ELEGY

Upon that Son of Valor

Sir CHARLS LUCAS

Written by JOHN QUARLES.

London, Printed for *Nathaniel Brooks* at the Angel in *Cornhill*. 1649.

FONS
LACHRYMARUM
OR
A Fountayne of
TEARES

Mary Bright

Fons Lachrymarum;

OR A

FOUNTAIN

OF

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1641

ENGLAND'S
TEARES:

Or, a Lamentable

Complaint

FOR THE

Sicknesse and Death

OF

Our Gracious Soveraigne

KING JAMES,

WITH

Divine Meditations

AND

ELEGYES

Upon that Sun of Valor,

Sir CHARLES LUCAS.

Written by JOHN QUARLES.

London, Printed for Nathaniel Brooke,
at the Angel in Cornhill. 1641.

821
Q21f
1649

TO THE
Illustrious Prince
CHARLS,
PRINCE of WALES.

SIR,

IF the Current of my affections force me gainst the Rocks of presumption, & humbly crave the assistance of Your gracious

pardon: The extent of my ambition is to prostitute at Your Highnesses feet the first fruits of an Orchard, which I planted in Flaunders, during the time of my banishment, and now have brought them into England to be pres'd for growing in a strange Country; I confess, the fruit is green, and sowre, and cannot ripen till it feel the Sun-shine of Your Princely eye; nor sweeten, till Your approbation shall be pleased to afford them a liking, and that liking honor them

them with a free acceptance.
There is nothing that can
make me esteem my self
happy, but that the severity
of these times will not permit
me to tender Your Highness such
service which my heart is am-
bitious to perform, and my
ty binds me to acknowledg
have nothing that I can
my own but a fidelious hea
which shall always pray
Your prosperity; and that Yo
successes may (like wave
ride in one upon the back
another; and that at last Yo

may

…, like the Sunne, break through the Clouds of Opposition, and once more shine in your proper Hemisphere: Heaven season Your Royal Heart with the Principles of Wisdom, and grant that You may not Hide Your Counsels in the Bosoms of those that honour You with their Lips, when their Hearts are far from You. These are the serious and fervent Prayers of him, who desires to live no longer than he is willing to devote himself

himself to Your Highnesses Commands, and is

Your Highnesses

most obliged

Servant

JOHN QUARLES

TO
THE READER.

Kind Reader,

I Here present to thy view a *Fountain*, from which doth flow, *Complaints*, *Lamentations* and *Meditations*, three Necessaries for these Times. Never were *Complaints* more frequent, then they are in this age of obduracy and oppression; Nor *Lamentations* more requisite, then in these Lachrymable Times; Nor *Meditations* more commendable, then in

dst days of uncertainty. Rea-
, I ſhall deſire thee to paſs by
e errors of the Preſs, which are
w too late to correct: Had not
e perverſneſs of theſe times de-
rred me from coming to the
reſs, the Printers Miſtakes had
t been ſo numerous. For my
n part, I have nothing to boaſt
ut this, that I am confident the
icious Reader will pardon the
neſs of my endeavors, and
ow, that the talleſt Cedars were
twigs at firſt.

Reader,

Farewel.

TO
My dear Friend the
AUTHOR.

THe Son begins to rise, the Father's set
Heav'n took away one light, and pleas'd
Another rise. Quarles, *thy Light's divine,*
And it shall teach Darkness it self to shine.
Each Word revives thy Fathers *name, he*
Is well imprinted in thy noble heart:
I've read thy pleasing lines, wherein I find
The rare Endeavors of a modest mind.
Proceed as well as thou hast well begun,
That we may see the Father *by the* Son.

R. L.

TO

TO

[illegible] much esteemed Friend the

AUTHOR,

On his Book, intituled,

Fons Lachrymarum.

[illegible] prov'st Prophetick *in thy doleful Muse,*
[illegible] it [illegible] Prophets *mournful* tears *renews:*
[illegible] tears be spent, may England *stand*
[illegible] glory, rais'd by Charis *his hand.*
[illegible] each drop (to add unto her grace)
[illegible] pearl, and beautifie her face:
[illegible] whilest in native brightness fix'd they be,
[illegible] radiant lustre shall reflect on thee.

Rich. Quiney.

Eng-

Englands Complaint.

EXperience tells us, those that are in pain
Need neither *Act* nor *Ord'nance* to complain:
Griefs have their priviledg, whose passions break
All Laws, *and Losers claim a power to speak.*
If passion be too rude *(Reader)* excuse;
Grief knows no manners, sorrow needs no Muse:
But stay my hasty quill, forbear, I know
Thou art too young, too tender yet to go
Without a guide, a guide that may direct
Thy staggering feet; A guide that may protect
Thy Infant years. Do not too much endeavor;
A fall at first will make thee lame for ever.
Invoke the *Nine*, and if they do deny
To give thee ayd, complain to *Mercury*:
Tell him, thou art a *babe*, and dost desire
To warm thy *genius* by the Muses *fire*:
Where are *Apollo's* off-springs? are they ty'd
In sorrows chains, e're since *Mecænas* dy'd?
Or are their *Helleconian* waters spent?
Or do they stay t'expect a Complement?
I wonder what they mean, to be thus slow,
In former times they'd run, they'l now scarce go:

My heedless *Muse*, dost thou not understand
They're all distracted and dispers'd the Land?
Only *Melpomene*, who now appears
Like *Niobe*, a monument of tears. (thou
Knowst thou not this (rash Muse) then how canst
Implore a help from them that know not how
To help themselves? Nay *Pegasus* is made
A poor *Dragoon*; his friends are all betraid:
Though all distracted, and thus routed be,
Yet, helpless Muse, there's Heav'n to succour thee:
Then hear me *Heaven*, O hear me, now I sue,
Th'art my *Apollo*, be *Mecœnas* too,
And great Conductor of my Soul, inspire
My frozen heart with thy celestial fire:
Light thou my Candle, O then I shall see,
By thy own light, how to discover thee;
Inflame my *frozen* senses with thy Spirit,
That I may learn to live, and live t'inherit
The glory of thy Kingdom, and to rest
Where joys are greater then can be expreſt:
And so go on; but stay, rash quill, and know
What 'tis to be engag'd, before you go
Too far; Be careful these bad times, unless
Your rash adventure want a good success:
Be wary what you do; these are no times
To please fond fancies with *lascivious Rhymes*.
Be circumspect; Let every word you write
Be Truth, and then let every word invite
A *tear*; each *tear*, a *sigh*; that every *Eye*,
That reads, may melt into an *Elegie*.

And

And curs'd be that dull eye, that will not lend
A tear, or two, to see poor *England* spend
Weeks, months & years, in sighs, in sobs, in groans,
In tears, in pray'rs, and wilt not move the stones?
Vollies of tears, discharged from her eyes,
Shake Heaven and Earth, and penetrate the skies
With sad cõplaints? heav'n mourns at her condition
And weeps down showrs of tears at her Petition:
Then rouze, ye *Britains*, from your flattering sleep,
Hear *Englands* groans, thus she begins to weep;
No *Peace*, no *ease*, no *pleasure*, is all gone,
Pursu'd with *envy* and *rebellion*?
Whither, oh whither, are my glories sent?
Banisht my breast by Act of *Parliament*?
Vertue is fled, and scar'd into a trance
By the ill shape of Bugbear *ignorance*.
What mists are these that thus eclipse the light
Of *splendent truths*? From whence proceeds this
Of *darkening Errors*? how am I begarl'd
Of all my *joys*? Nay, how am I defil'd
With *leprous humors*? Oh how grief transports
My frightned sense! what envy's this resorts
Unto my swelling breast? Is there no meam,
No pleasing Musick to divide my scean?
Were I an *Atlas*, I could not sustain
This Firmament of grief: who can refrain
From falling, that's so much oppress as I
With such a burthen of *Malignity*?
Where shall I run, to whom shall I address
My burthened self, or how shall I express

My uncontrouled sorrows, or relate
Th'unhappy discord of my *factious State*?
Where shall I fly? Is there no *Ark* above
To hide me from these *Waves*? Is there no *Dove*
To bring me tydings that the Land is clear,
And that the hills of *Peace* do re-appear?
But must I perish? shall the waves of *pride*
Dash me in pieces? still a flowing tyde,
Still flow, and never ebb! Is there no bliss?
Wonder sad Soul! *O what an Ocean's this!*
Ambitious Winds, why rage ye more and more,
And make the *Seas* thus envy at the *shore*?
Is there no *Peter* can pray Heav'n to please
To check the *winds*, and qualifie the *Seas*?
Am I the worst of all? Is my condition
So bad, that there is no *Petition*
Can have an audience? Ah my conscience saith,
I've *Peters* fears, but yet want *Peters* faith.
Here let us stop a little, and advise
With flesh and blood; Can greater wants arise,
To damage Souls, then *faith*, whose want procures
All these extreams, which my poor heart endures?
Oh no, there cannot: he that wants the hand
Of *Soul-supporting Faith*, forgets to stand:
This is my want, and till I find relief,
I'le lie and rumble in the shades of grief,
And glut the ayr with sighs; my hideous cries
Shall roar like thunder in the troubled skies:
O that my *eyes* were *Oceans*, that I may
Drown all my sorrows in one stormy day;

Or

Or would pleas'd *Heaven*, enable me to strain,
To gulp up *Seas*, and weep them out again,
Then should my briny streams gush forth so fast,
That every tear should strive to be the last;
So the swift current of my swelling eyes
Should overflow my heap'd up miseries.
I have offended Heaven, and now I see
My sins are walls betwixt my God and me,
Which stop the passage of my fervent prayers,
That there is no prevailing but by tears,
To batter down the wall that thus prevents
My cries, my vows, and hinders my intents
To Heav'n, that Heav'n can send me no relief,
Nor take me from this *labyrinth* of grief.
Gone are my golden, my forgotten days,
When every bird could whistle forth my praise.
Gone are those days when this consuming Earth
Was stuffd with pleasure, & perfum'd with mirth:
Though all be gone, yet will I strive t'endure;
He that hath made the wound, can make the cure:
For now I'm wounded, and my wounds do smart
Beyond my patience; and my tender heart,
Swell'd up with sorrow, doth predestinate
What woe must happen to my bleeding State:
My *head*, my head's tormented; and my *eyes*
Are dim with gazing after vanities:
My *members* swell like Oceans, and from thence
Proceeds so great, so large a confluence
Of noisom humors, and they run so thick,
That they surcharge, and make my stomack sick:

I've purg'd already, and that will not do,
I fear, I fear, that I must vomit too;
I doubt 'tis too much *action* that hath bred
These ill diseases that disturb my *head*;
Oh I am sick to death, my bowels yern!
I freez, I freez, and whilest I freez, I burn;
I burn, I melt, my soul is parch'd within.
(How hot's the furnace of tormenting sin?)
And Ah! how soon is feebled nature lam'd
With ioynt contracting cold; if not inflam'd
By heavens enlivening fire? how hot's my blood
To what is *bad*, and Ah, how cold to *good*!
Oh grief! how two extreams perplex one heart,
So link'd together, that they cannot part!
Thus am I tost, and doubtfully oppresst
Beneath the burden of a dubious brest?
Nothing but Wars, and Tumults do arise;
Thrice hapyy I; had I known how to prize
My happiness? Alas I ne're did know
The good of peace, till Heav'n was pleasd to show:
War makes me know, what joy it was before
To live in peace and plenty, now the more.
To live in peace and plenty, now I know by this,
This want of peace, what a combining bliss
It was to live united, and to praise
That God of Peace, that blest my peaceful days
With large increase; Oh misery to think,
Loaded with too much pleasure, how I sink!
I that was wont to hoist my heaps of treasure,
Now swim in sorrow, and now sink in pleasure:

I that the world did envy, now am brought
To be not worth the envying, worse then nought,
Revil'd by all; see how the hand of Fate
hath pleas'd to make me thus unfortunate:
What shall I do? what *physick* can procure
A little ease? I cannot long endure.
Where are my grave *Divines* to give advice
To a relapsing Soul? are they grown nice
Of late? Are their conspiring hearts agreed
T'absent themselves in this my time of need?
What do they mean? Oh whither are they fled?
Sure, sure, they're *silenc'd* all, or else all *death*:
Do they not see me falling? Do they stand
Amaz'd, not daring to afford a hand
To help me up? Methinks I hear them cry,
That they are falling to, as well as I.
Where is *Religion*, that was wont to be
The *Governor* of *Peace*, the branched Tree
That ever flourish'd? see, now every *Clown*
Being authoriz'd presumes to cut her down.
Will they still strive with *swords*, with *guns*, with (*clubs*,
To pickle my Religion up in tubs?
Have they no *Reason*? hath their greedy *zeal*
Swallow'd up all their Senses at one meal?
Have they agreed that *Piety* and *Reason*
Shall be *condemn'd*, and *voted* into *Treason*?
Or hath their *hell-bred thoughts* found out a way
To turn our *Sion* to a *Golgotha*?
Hath the *Tartarian* Counseller invented
Such thriving Plots which cannot be prevented?

Leave off base Acts *Mechanicks*, and begin
To deal uprightly, and reform within;
Bury your *aged crimes*, and then go call
Your straggling *senses* to the *Funeral*: (trary
Adjourn your thoughts, which now are quite con-
To Peace, and think a *peace* is necessary.
Honour your *higher Powers*, and do not mock
And vilifie them as your laughing stock.
There are a *brain-sick multitude*, a *rabble*
Of all *Religions*, that do dayly squabble
About *vain shades*, and let the *substance* pass,
Hating *good manners* as they hate the *Mass*:
'Tis such as these which thus my *woes* advance,
Whose very *Souls* are starv'd with *ignorance*;
'Tis such as these who dayly strive to smother
The *truth* with *flattring zeal*, & call him *brother*,
Nay *holy brother*; though his *faith* be small,
If he can *rail*, and reverently *baul*
Against *grave Bishops*, and their *pious King*,
Oh this is *holy*, nay a *zealous thing*:
And those are holy that can pray by chance
According to the Spirits *influence*,
And teach their *prick-ear'd brethren* to deny
The *Common Prayer*, but know no reason why;
And those whose great humility can be
Content to make a Pulpit in a *tree*,
Or in some *Barn*, there by the Spirit pray
Five or six hours, not caring what they say;
Or if a *Black-smith* or a *Tinker* can
Hammer out Treason, he's a zealous man

Or

Or if a learned *Cobler* will be sure
To stitch it close, oh he's a *Christian pure!*
Oh these are holy, yea and *learned Teachers*,
These are *Divines*, and only these are *Preachers*:
They'l cry all learned *Prelats* out of season, (reason.
They must not preach, for fear they should speak
Oh these are they, whose ruder tongues can cry,
Advance *Mechanicks*, down with *Majesty*:
These, these are they, whose dūghill thoughts could
Attain perfection, but they still endeavor (never
To banish *wisdom*, that at last they may
Make all the world as ignorant as *they*.
See how they'ave turn'd my *joy* to griping *sadness*,
Plenty to *want*, and *peace* to downright *madness*;
Vertue to *vice*, and *chastity* to *vainness*;
Learning to *scorn*, *Religion* to *prophaneness*,
Flattry to *zeal*, and *non-sence* unto *Reason*;
Honor to *shame*, and *Loyalty* to *Treason*,
Pity to *Murther*, *Truth* to feigned *lyes*,
Prayers to *curses*, *Plundring* to a *prize*:
Thus, thus they gripe my *Soul*, and go about
To change my shape, and turn my *inside out*.
Unhumane Actions; *Ah* who can behold
Such *Tyrannies*, and not his blood grow cold!
Break, *break*, ye flood-gates of my brimful'd *eyes*,
And let my tears have passage to surprize
This Fort of sorrow, and tumultuous cares,
And drench the mountains in a Sea of tears.
Forbear, ye lowring *skies*; there is no need
Ye should disburse a showre: I have agreed

With

With sorrow, and his *powers* still to remain
Clouded with *grief*, and fill the Earth with rain;
Oh horrid, dismal, Heav'n provoking *times*,
Surpassing *Sodoms*; nay *Gomorrah's* crimes
Were ne're so bad; Oh *Hell-invented fate*,
Worse then the worst that I can nominate.
Are these my *people*, for whose sakes I lie
Involv'd with *torments*, wrapt in *Tyranny?*
Are these my *Sons*, whose sorrows now I weep?
Are those my *children* that are lul'd asleep?
See how secure they rest, and never fear
Approaching *woe*; mine eyes, can ye forbear
To vent ten thousand tears? Oh never let
Your lids conceal you, till y'ave paid the debt
Ye owe to sorrow, for those *sins* which thirst
For greater plenty, then can be disburst:
Oh sigh, sad *Soul*, until thy heart be sore,
Then sigh, because thou canst not sigh no more.
Oh that my voyce, like *thunderclaps* could tear,
And split the *portals* of each *deafned ear*;
That so my cries might ravish every brain,
And fil'd with *horror*, make them deaf again.
And this I wish, because my *Sons* are all
So deaf, they will not hear me when I call:
Did they not flourish in a *peaceful state*,
Enjoying store of all things, till of late
They grew thus *factious?* and have I not been,
In former times, the worlds admired *Queen?*
Have not all *Nations* formerly been proud
To do me service? Have they not allow'd

A due reſpect unto me every where,
And honored me, if not for *love*, for *fear*?
And muſt I now by your, your means incur
As many plagues as miſchief can infer?
Muſt I now *pine away*, that have been *ſtrong*?
Muſt I now *ſtoop*, that have ſtood up ſo *long*?
Muſt I be now *ſubordinate* to *thoſe*
That never dar'd ſubſcribe themſelves my *foes*?
Muſt I be now *divided*, that was never
Divided yet? Muſt I be loſt for ever?
Muſt I be now *conſumed* and thrown down?
And muſt they ſcoff me now, that dar'd not frown
In former times? Muſt I be now confounded?
Muſt I be now revil'd, and cal'd a *Roundhead*?
Muſt I be now nick-nam'd? Muſt *frighted ſoules*
Sound a Retreat, and ſcorn to own my name?
Muſt I be now diſpers'd? Muſt my own hand
Deſtroy the bounty of my fruitful Land? (glory
Oh grief-tranſcending thought, ſhall *Englands*
Be thus abſtracted, and thus made a ſtory
To after ages? Would not this perplex
A Soul, that never knew what 'twas to vex?
What grief can equalize my grief? What pain
Can be equivalent? Would any gain
Experience? If they would, may they incline
Themſelves to this experienc'd grief of mine:
Ah grief of days; what marble eye can read
Or ſuch extreams as mine, and never bleed?
'Twould dull the ſharpeſt brain to meditate
Upon my grief; nay, make them deſperate.

Had

Had *Nero* liv'd in this tempestuous age,
He might have blusht to see his boiling rage
Out-vi'd by yours; nay, *Corah* and his crew
Never pursu'd their *Moses*, as ye do,
With such untutor'd violence; 'tis strange,
Oh whither will your headlong fury range?
Advise by times, and know there is a God
That overlooks you: Know, that *Moses* Rod
May turn a *greedy Serpent*, and devour,
As well the *greater*, as the *smaller power*.
Go, go, ye sad contrivers of these times,
Consult with sorrow: think on all those crimes
Ye have committed; and then think what you
Have done, and after what ye have to do.
Advise with care, for your condition's such,
Ye've much to do, because y'ave done too much.
Too much; Alas too much in my *sad state*
Is done already; and I fear too late
For remedy: And secret danger lies
In dull delay: 'tis wisdom to advise
Betimes; for true and timely care prevents
Untimely ruine, hindring the intents
Of studied *malice*; industry prepares
A *balm* for that which *negligence* impairs.
Those that by dreaming sloth, sustain a loss,
Obtain least pity, and the greatest cross.
Consider what a grief 'twill be to see
The sad distraction of this *Monarchie*,
Wrought by your slothful negligence, when all
My lofty structures by your hands must fall:

Nay

Nay, worse then this, when *famine* shall devour
What *fire* and *sword* hath left; when every hour
The *Bells* shall toul, with such a feeble sound,
As if that they themselves a want had found.
Will it not melt a stone to hear the cries
Of *hungry children*, and the sad replies
Of their *dejected friends*? who can forbear
To think on this, and never shed a tear?
How children cry for bread, and fain would rest,
Seeking protections in their mothers breast.
Alas poor *Orphans*, how are they beguil'd,
When the *sad mother*'s forc'd to eat the *child*
For want of food, & make their blood their drink!
Oh what a wounding sorrow 'tis to think
How all will be destroy'd, both *young* and *old*,
How *warm blood* will be mingled with the *cold*!
How you will roar and cry for want of *bread*,
Some on the ground, some *dying*, and some *dead*,
Some gnaw their flesh, and some fight who shall eat
Each other; *O uncomfortable meat!*
And then the *ravening Wolves* seek up and down
To find a prey, in every *starved Town*,
Shall eat *deaths reliques*; having spent that store,
Shall ransack up and down, and howl for more.
All *beasts* and *fowls* shall then amazed stand,
To see the *Sea* is turn'd into a *Land*:
The Land into a Sea, a *Red Sea*, where
Nothing but *bones* in stead of *fishes* are. (groans,
Where nothing's heard, but cries, and shrieks, and
Where nothing's seen, except consuming bones.

Oh had you but the power to apprehend
These sad *destructive dangers*, how they tend
Daily towards us, with all the power that they
Can make, as if they'd rout us in one day:
Dull sons of men, have ye forgot to rise,
And draw the *Curtains* of your slumbring eyes?
Methinks this hot *Alarum* should affright
Your Souls for ever from your fond delight!
What do ye mean? ye cannot chuse but hear
Heav'ns thundring Judgments ratling in your ear.
What, have ye sworn Allegiance to the *Prince*
Of utter darknesse? Will no words convince
Your Stubborn Souls? Has a perpetual vow
Seen lately past betwixt *Hells Prince* and *you*?
Why do ye thus delight to overthrow
Your selves, and lose a Kingdom at one blow?
Oh where are my *grand Rulers* to correct
These th'ir *enormous* humors, that infect
The world with *Errors*? To what fatal place
Are all my *Senators* retired?

You my Triennial Powers, come and dispose
Your ears to my discourse; and Ile disclose
My grief to you, whose Judgments can prescribe
A timely remedy without a bribe.
Then hark!

THe climing power of my disease is grown
To such a height, that I can hardly own
A minutes rest; my *body politick*
You apprehend (I know) is very sick:

Then

Then let the depth of understanding move
The depth of pity, that ye may remove
These growing inconveniences, that moan
For your assistance: Can a Kingdom groan,
And not be heard? Can a disease remain
within my body, and not I complain
Of what I suffer? That were Tyrannie
Not to be paralel'd: O pity me,
And let the fervour of my language turn (burn
Your thoughts to tears, to quench those flames that
My wasting intrals: Let your hearts relent
With meditating on my discontent:
Open your willing ears, and hear me call;
O do not fall a slumbring whilest I fall:
O hear me soon, that now complain too late:
Let my complaints make you compassionate;
Dissolve into a Sea of tears. Involve
Your selves with sackcloth. Let your minds revolve
Upon your *native soil*; resolve to spend
Your greatest skills, to consummate the end
Of my distractions; and let *mercy* joyn
With *justice*; so shall endless love combind
Your Souls: That like *Ezekiels* wheels ye may
Run one within another, and not stray:
But like *Isaiahs* Seraphims may cry,
O holy, holy, holy God on high.
But stay; nor can I end, my griefs must fly
A little further; Mountains that are high
Must be discovered: Molehills often times
Lie out of sight, like undiscovered crimes.

A publike sorrow oftentimes admits
A cure from them, whose more concreted wits
Do dayly study with more active arts
More *publique* mischief with more *private* hearts.
Doth not the fawning *Crocodile* obtain
By publique sorrow her more private gain?
Doth not the crafty *Lapwing* cry the least,
When she is neerest to her close-made nest?
Are there not those in this conniving age,
Whose outward meekness is but inward rage?
Are there not those in these contentious times,
That live by nothing but their private crimes?
Oh grief to speak it: Are there not a sort
Of wilful people that can make a sport
At others ruines, whose pretended *zeal*
Hath bred much mischief in this *Common-weal*?
Are there not those that would pretend to be
Reformers, yet deform a *Monarchie*?
Are there not those, whose *upstart honors* crave
Perpetual durance, only to enslave
The *Sons of Honor*? Thus they play the thief,
And joy in nothing, but in others grief.
Are there not those, who in one breath can cry
Against a *Lyar*, yet can forge a *lye*
for their advantage, and abjure the *Laws*?
Lyes are no *lyes*, if they advance their *Cause*.
Are there not those that persecute the *Arts*,
And yet retain *Monopolizing* hearts?
Are there not those that dayly take delight
To twist themselves into anothers *right*?

Do not all [illegible]
To do all this, [illegible]
And ah Religion! [illegible]
By those, whose [illegible]
Thine [illegible] in the [illegible]
Dirt in their faces, [illegible]
Thy very name? these are a [illegible]
That love no Church, [illegible]
I dare affirm, that [illegible]
So much transformed, [illegible]
Nor can I yet [illegible]
My greater [illegible]
Let no man [illegible]
Unto my self; [illegible]
I cannot hold, [illegible]
To make my [illegible]
That by my [illegible]
How much the [illegible]
There was a time [illegible]
Had found an [illegible]
(Which [illegible]
Their [illegible]
A double [illegible]
What odds [illegible]
The world [illegible]
Both [illegible]
The breach [illegible]
O' [illegible]
In [illegible]
A [illegible]

That *fire* [illegible]
Within my bowels, and [illegible]
O strive, now your [illegible]
To quench your hearts with *water* from [illegible]
Strive not with *Catiline*, [illegible]
To stop *great mischiefs*, [illegible]
But tell me now, how can you [illegible]
Upon a *Peace*, when as you'll [illegible]
The *principle*, [illegible]
To gain a *Peace* by *Arms*, [illegible]
Will breed new *tumults*, [illegible]
Inviron you with a lance of confusion
Peace cannot [illegible] in *blood*, blood cannot [illegible]
Like *pools of water* in a *peace*, [illegible]
Delight not thus in contraries, [illegible]
Your former ways, [illegible]
Of *blood* and *blood*, [illegible]
A *blood* [illegible] *Souls*, [illegible]
How ye have [illegible]
Peace to your [illegible]
Now [illegible]
Your [illegible]
Can *peace* and [illegible]
And *glory* [illegible]
Not [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

His thoughts [illegible], except he please to [illegible]
His language on the ears of such a friend
As *Haman* was; whose unrestrained power
Punisht his own offence in half an hour.
Judg you, whose hearts have vow'd a double life,
What are th'endearments of a tender wife. (Sir)
Judg you (what 'tis) whom bounteous Heav'n [illegible]
With numerous off-springs, to be dispossess'd
Of those concerning comforts, which disturb
No real joy, but in their parents eye.
And if th'enjoyment of those blessings yeeld
Such large content, needs mark the warr unfriend
The Soul of comfort: O unhappy fate!
Who'd be a father at so dear a rate?
A wife, unhappy, happy word; a wife
Happy oft-times to an unhappy life:
A wife, that word importeth joys
Unparallel'd; that very word destroys
Armies of grief, and oftentimes it brings
A heav'nly sorrow to the hearts of Kings:
And cura'd be they heav'n gives me leave to speak,
That shall presume to separate, or break
Conjugal bands; How many in this Land
Lie subject to this cause? how many stand
Armed, almost distracted, that have been
Actors? Heav'n bless my King, protect my *Queen*,
How many falls [illegible] happy [illegible] cast
Upon [illegible] blast
[illegible]
[illegible]

Whilest peaceful *Zephyrus* must be deny'd
To breathe upon the *floods*? Can storms abide
For ever? No: rash *Boreas* must at last
Submit to *Zephyrus*; whose milder blast
Proclaims a sudden Peace, and strives to grace
The simp'ring Ocean with a smoother face.
But whither am I hurried? slack my sails,
I fly beyond my *Port*; I finde the gales
Of grief are too robustuous, and I doubt
I cannot anchor here, but tack about.
Seven years are now compleated since my grief
Had its initiation, yet *relief*
Stands at a distance; *Peace* is in a doubt
Whether to come *within*, or stay *without*.
Your rash proceedings and your great disgraces
Make *Peace* even blush to look *you* in the *faces*.
O miserable men, that live to know
Such Times, such a reduplicating wo!
Is there no art remains? Is there no way
To set you right, that thus have gone astray?
Is there no faithful *Lot* to pray for Peace,
And stop the *cause*, that so th' effect may *cease*?
Is there no *Jonah* dare proclaim, and cry
Unto the *sons of men*, Destruction's nigh?
But are they all asleep, now sorrows swarm?
(*O how can they repose in such a storm!*)
Rouze slumbring Souls, and lift your heads above
The decks of negligence; The God of Love
Will be too angry, if you sleep too long; Strong
Advance your [illegible], and let your pray'rs be

Consider then, would not the Stars let fall
Too great an influence, the Sun too small,
On humane bodies? O may they remain
In their own Region, then would *Gil* again
Enjoy his just prerogatives, and feed
The world with such a lustre, as I need:
Peace is the light I want, could I obtain
But Peace, how soon should I survive again!
Peace is the best Physician, I require
Nothing but Peace to quench my hot desire.

A good Physician will be sure to see,
E're he prescribes, where lies the maladie;
Then he'l begin to study, and to try
What may be best; whether *Phlebotomy*
Be good, and if it be, opens a vein,
And so restores his Patients ease again:
Thus, thus, *grand authors* of my woes, should you
Have done at first, if ye had been but true
To me; but when at first my griefs you saw
Ye thought it good to purge me with your Law:
And having purg'd me, ye began to see
How weak I was, and what a low degree
Y'ad brought me to, and then ye fell at strife,
By killing me, how to preserve my life.
You brought *strange Doctors* to me, whose advice
I'm sure was purchas'd by too high a price:
They bid me [illegible] *arms* up to my *head*,
And stir my *Body*, for diseases bred
For want of [illegible] they bid me play
A game [illegible]

[illegible] Complaint.

I took [illegible], then I began to finde
In sudden alteration, and my *minds*
Was so transported, that me thoughts the ground
Began to dance, and *I my self turn'd round*;
I fell into a *trance*, with this *presumption*;
And ever since I've liv'd in a *Consumption*.
Let *this example* all the world assure,
An *English* Grief will have no *Scottish* Cure.
And so farewel, if these be your conditions,
Henceforth you may prove — But not Physicians.

Englands Petition to Heaven.

A*H me! Ah me!* can nothing but *Ah me*
Fly from my *barren heart* (dear God) *to thee?*
Ah me! and why will not that word import
Ten thousand *prayers*, that so I may resort
Unto thy ears by *Troops!* then would I run
Division on *ah me*, till Time were done.
Weak as I am, *distracted*, and *defil'd*,
I prostitute my self, not as a *childe*,
Or *Sin*, but as a *Parent* that has had
A numerous *off-spring*; Now my heart is sad,
O grant that my unfeigned *grief* may grow
Upon a real *graft*, that I may show
The fruit of perfect sorrow, and declare
How great my sins, how great thy mercies are:
Storm thou my *sins*, and force them to retreat,
And make my [illegible] *sins* [illegible]

Strike

Strike thou my *stony Soul*, that [illegible]
May, from *a stark*, increase to *flowes*; [illegible]
Must thaw my *lay Soul*, or else I shall
Remain for ever a *congealed Gast*:
I am compos'd of *steel*, and cannot bow,
Except thy *dear instructions* teach me how:
Attract *me* by the *loadstone* of thy *grace*,
That through thy *mercies* I may see thy *face*;
And having view'd it, I may never more
Return to what I *Idolez'd* before;
I have a *Lydia's heart*, in mercy please
To open it, *thy mercies are the keyes*:
Ravish my *Soul*, that I may fall in love
With thee, *my God*, with thee, that art a *Dove*
Of innocency: Let my *raptures* mount
As high as Heav'n, that there I may recount
Thy never *failing love*, and sing thy praise
With *Davids heart*, until the *last of days*:
Tune thou my *stupid Soul*, and then it shall
Be truly sweet, and heav'nly musical:
Convert my *swords* to *sight*, that I my sight
With my own *crimes*, and hate to take delight
To *lacerate my self*: O tye the hands
Of fury! *make me steep to thy commands*:
Convert my *tydes of blood* to *streams of tears*,
My *lyes* to *truths*, my *horrid oaths* to *prayers*:
Make me to apprehend how *thou* hast wept
Of late for me, which I fear thy slept:
Let not thy *tears* destroy me, but let me
Dissolve in tears (dear God) and weep to thee:

THE LAMENTATIONS OF JEREMIAH.

CHAP. I.

Contents.

1 *The miserable [illegible] of Jerusalem by reason of her sins.* 18 *Soo [illegible] of her [illegible]* 18 *and confessed God's [illegible] to be righteous.*

HOw doth the *City* [illegible] *of* [illegible]
With [illegible] *people* [illegible] *lament her* [illegible]
How like a [illegible] *widow* [illegible]
Deplorts [illegible] *to be*
Great [illegible] *greater* [illegible] *any*
How [illegible] *the* [illegible]

She

For [illegible] her [illegible]
That [illegible] hath [illegible]
All those that lov'd her, yea and highly [illegible]
Seeing her [illegible] *nakedness*, [illegible]
She sighs & turns her back as though [illegible]
A private *breath* t'express a [illegible]
For being fill'd with [illegible]
She never thought of, neither had she [illegible]
To comfort her: *O Lord my God, behold*
My great afflictions: Ah my [illegible]
And magnifies himself: His [illegible]
Hath spoyld the pleasures of my [illegible]
The very Heathen, [illegible]
Thy Congregation, [illegible]
Thy just commands, [illegible]
Inforce an [illegible]
Her [illegible]
Give their chief [illegible]
Behold, O Lord, [illegible]
For I am vile, [illegible]
Oh stop your hasty feet, [illegible]
And look upon [illegible]
Sum up the [illegible]
A million more [illegible]
Which I support, [illegible]
Hath [illegible]
For he from [illegible]
[illegible]
Yea, [illegible]
[illegible]

And

My *Virgins* and my *young men* all are fled
Into *Captivity*; my *Priests* are dead:
My *Friends* refuse to hear me when I call;
For want of *food* my hungry *Elders* fall.
O Lord, behold, see how I am oppress,
My heart thumps at the portals of my breast:
Oh I have sinned, and my *sins* indite me; (me.
Abroad the *Sword*, at home grim *Death* affrights
My friends have heard my *groaning*, and my *grief*
Is known to them; But I know no *relief*:
My *foes* with clamorous voyces fill the *Earth*,
And make my *grief* the subject of their *mirth*:
But *Heav'n* hath nam'd a day when these my *foes*
Shall be *Co-partners* in my mock'd at *woes*.
O God, let not their faults be hid from thee;
But deal with them as thou hast dealt with me:
My heart is faint, my struggling *sighs* are many,
My *griefs* too great to be expresst by any.

Meditatio in Capitulum.

IF *thou wouldst know, my* Soul, *what harms attend*
A sinners *progress to his journeys end*; (*tend*
Here, here thou mayst, if with impartial eyes
Thou wilt observe the unsatiate miseries
Of poor Jerusalem, *whose tedious* groans,
Whose sighs, *and* sobs, *and* tears, *the world bemoans.*

Observe her headless steps, and thou shalt know
Sin was the author of her self-will'd Woe.
'Twas sweet at first, but sowre in th'event,
That little word assumes a large extent:
Where Sin *predominates, there we may find*
The inconvenience of a troubl'd mind:
For when the mind's *perplex'd, then we begin*
Either to fall to, or to fall from Sin:
For like the restless Sea she's allwaies still,
And always agitating good *or* ill;
If well imploy'd, she builds a wall *about*
The Soul, *to keep approaching* dangers *out:*
But if she spends her thriftless hours in Evil,
She makes a banquet *to invite the* Devil,
Who with his subtile and misguiding force
Will re-invite her to a second course:
And then let Christians *judge how much* discquiet
That Soul *sustains that loves the* Devil's *dyet.*

Ah then my Soul, *if thou desir'st to be*
Exempted from the lot *of* miserie,
Make Heav'n *thy refuge; there thou mayst be sure*
To find contentment, and repose secure:
Thou needst not fear, there is no poys'nous thing
Can wound that Soul *that truly loves his* King:
Nor all the malice *mortals can invent,*
Shall add to thee one mite of discontent:
There is no sorrow, *no* calamity
T'oppress thy thoughts; *No wry-look'd* enemy
T'upbraid thy actions: *then my* Soul *advise*
How much it profits to be heav'nly wise.

Ah

Ah had Jerusalem (*whose grief no* pen
Can e're engrave into the hearts of men)
Been wisely wary, she had never known
Those late reap'd sorrows, *which her* sins *had sown:*
Had she but search'd her bosom, *and contriv'd*
Her actions *well, her* glory *had surviv'd:*
Had she with Davids *tears in time repented,*
Those uncorrected sins her heart lamented,
She had not felt those judgments *which did wait*
Upon the ruines *of her falling* State:
But whilst her eyes were mist'd and deluded,
Folly *came in, where* Reason *was excluded.*
Needs must that Kingdom unto ruine run,
Where Folly sets and rises with the Sun.
Like as the body that's oppress'd with grief.
Can neither hope for, nor obtain relief,
Till the disease *be known; there's none can tell*
The rage *of* sickness *that was always* well,
Even so Jerusalem, *because that she*
Judg'd not the Reason *of her* Miserie
Till she was past recovery, *could never*
Have health restor'd her, but was sick for ever.
Alas! alas! that Kingdom needs must fall,
That has a grief so Epidemical.
Had she but like the Ninevites *in time*
Stop'd those distemp'ring humors *which did climb*
Above her strength, *her* grief *had quickly ended,*
And Heav'n *revok'd those* judgments *he intended.*
Med'cines *are* vain things *when apply'd too late,*
And through delay a grief grows desperate,

He that is Sin-sick *is in bad condition,*
Except Heav'n please to be his Souls Physician:
And if God once deny his Patient bliss,
Whose must the fault be, when the fault's not his?
Alas! alas! 'tis but in vain for any
To strive to cure one grief, that had so many
As sad Jerusalem *had; her* plagues *were more*
Then all the World could reckon up before:
She had a Monop'ly, *she need not borrow,*
She was the Hierogliphick *of all* sorrow.
Yet if in time she'd made repentant moan,
Heav'n could have cur'd them all *as well as* one.
There is no Sin, *let it be* great *or* small,
But Heav'n can find a balsam *for them all.*
My Soul, *thou art my* Monarch, *therefore I*
May boldly look into thy Monarchy.
First praise thou Heav'n, *then* learn to be content
With what he sends thee; *let thy* government
Be still Monarchical, *and fenc'd about*
With fervent prayers, *to keep* Sedition *out.*
Let watch *and* ward *be kept, lest* Traytor Sin
Betray thee; Let not Faction *come within*
Thy lists: *And still be careful to surprize*
Rebellious thoughts, *as soon as they arise:*
For if they once appear within thy borders,
They'l breed confusion, *and confus'd* disorders.
Learn to be wisely politick, *and be*
Ready to let Religion *counsel thee.*
Let Reason *be thy* guide, *and let thy* Laws
Be truly executed; *Let thy* Cause

Be

Be juſt and real: then my Soul, *be ſure*
To let thy fundamental Laws *endure,*
Till he that ſits on the refulgent Throne
Shall take thee hence, and keep thee for his own.

CHAP. II.

Contents.

1 *Jeremiah lamenteth the miſery of Jeruſalem.*
20 *He complaineth thereof to God.*

BEhold! *Heav'ns Metropolitan* hath ſpread
His gloomy clouds of *anger* on the head
Of ſad *Jeruſalem:* He hath deſtroy'd
Thoſe bounteous treaſures *Iſrael* enjoy'd;
And from his *mem'ry* hath his footſtool thrown,
When he with floods of *anger* was o'reflown.
And *Jacobs* habitations he unfram'd,
And wrathfully conſum'd them: Thus inflam'd
The ſtrongeſt Caſtles *Judahs* Daughter had,
He tumbled down, and made her people ſad:
And he, to ſhew what his grand power could do,
Defil'd the *Kingdom* and the *Princes* too.
His two-edg'd *paſſion* hath cut off the *horn*
And *Chief* of *Iſrael*, made him a *ſcorn*

To his deriding *Foes*, and also stayd,
Yea and withdrawn his *right hand* from his ayd:
His fury like an all-consuming *flame*
Burn'd against *Jacob*, and devour'd his *name*.
4 His wretchless *arm* hath bent his yeelding *bow*;
He stood resolved like a dauntless *foe*:
And in the *Tabernacle* he hath slew
The eyes delight, like fire his anger flew.
5 He threw down *Israels* strongest *scituations*,
And fill'd *Jerusalem* with *lamentations*.
6 And like a fruitless *garden* hath layd voyd
Th'infected *Tabernacle*, and destroy'd
Th' *Assemblies structures*; and an angry wind
Hath blown their *Feasts* and *Sabbaths* from his mind;
Both *Kings* & *Priests* in anger he forgot,
And look'd on them as if he saw them not.
7 His *holy places*, and his *Altar* he
Abhor'd; and gave unto the *Enemie*
Her fairest *Palaces*: their ill-tun'd *voyces*,
As on a *feast-day*, fill'd the *Church* with *noises*.
8 His *hand* stretch'd forth a *line*, when he intended
To ruine *Sion* that so much offended:
He hath resolv'd *destruction*; therefore all
The *rampart* languish'd with the gliding *wall*.
9 He hath destroy'd, and batter'd down her *grates*,
The gaping *Earth* imbowel'd all her *Gates*:
Her *King* and *Princes* dwell with *Gentiles*; and
Her *Laws* are banish'd from her *lawless Land*:
Her *Prophets* gaze about, the frowning skies
Do represent no *vision* to their eyes.

Her

Her mournful *Elders* on the ground repose,
And silently consent unto their woes: (crown'd
They cloth'd themselves with *sackcloth*, and they
Their *heads* with *dust* they borrowed from the
No joys were pleasing to the eys of them (ground:
That were the *Virgins* of *Jerusalem*.
My bowels yern, my tear-distilling eyes
Are sore with gazing on the *miseries*
Of frail *Jerusalem*: Alas, the feet
Of her dear *sucklings* stagger in the street!
And like the wounded in the *City*, send
Their *sighs* for *food* unto their dearest *friend*:
And whilst they slumbred on their *mothers breast*,
They pour'd their *Souls* into *eternal rest*.
What shall I witness for thee, O thou *Gem*,
Thou pining *Daughter* of *Jerusalem*?
To what shall I compare thee? What can be,
O *Sions* Daughter, equal unto thee?
Let all the world recure thee, if they can;
For Ah, thy *breach* is like the *Ocean*!
Alas, thy purblind *Prophets* all have been
Hoodwink'd with *folly*, & *vain things* have seen:
But ne'er discover'd thine *iniquity*,
Which was the *cause* of thy *captivity*.
Their mis-informed *senses* were content
To see false *Reasons* for thy *Banishment*.
All that past by, and saw thee thus decaying,
Clapt their *rude hands*, yea hist at thee, *thus saying*;
Is this the *City* that the *Worldlings* call
Beauties perfection? This the *joy* of all?

Thy *foes* revile thee, and as they pass by
They gnash their teeth against thee; thus they cry,
This is the day we look'd for, now we know
She is destroy'd, we see her *overthrow*.
17 That which the *King* of *Heav'n* devised, now
He hath enacted and fulfil'd his *vow*:
He hath thrown down without remorse; O see,
Thy *adversaries* triumph over thee.
This hath th' *Almighty* done for them, at length
He made the strong, yea & advanc'd their *strength*.
18 They mov'd the *Lord* with their unceassant cries;
O Wall of Sions daughter, let thine eyes
Run down like rivers, give thy self no sleep;
Forget to *smile*, and practise how to *weep*.
19 *Arise, and in the silent night bemoan*
Thy grief; O cry unto th' Almighty One:
In the beginning of the watch implore
Thy growing sorrows; make a flood before
Th' Eternall face: O crave that he would please
To sent thy young, faint, hungry children ease.
20 Consider *Lord*, to whom thou 'st done this great, (lie
This unrepented *ill*: Shall *women* eat
Their *span-long children*? Shall thy *slain Priests*
Tomb'd with thy *Prophet* in thy *Sanctuary*?
21 The *young* and *old* have shar'd in equal *harms*,
They lie and tumble in each others *arms*:
Upon the flinty streets my *Virgins* fall,
With my *young men*; the *sword* dismiss'd them all:
Thus in thine *anger* hast thou struck them dead,
Thus hast thou kill'd, and never pieled.

As

As in a *solemn day*, my *terrors* round 22
About thou'st called, so that none was found
In the *Lords day* of *anger* to remain:
Those that I swadled and brought up, in vain
I brought them up; the *enemy* inflam'd
Envy'd this *off-spring*, and their *days* consum'd.

Meditatio in Capitulum.

See, see, my Soul, *what* Heav'n *hath done! O see*
What 'tis t'offend a pow'rful Majestie!
Go, go, and quickly tell the sons of men
What 'tis to rouze a Lion *from his* Den:
Bid them *keep* peace *and* quietness *in* Sion;
Bid them *turn* Lambs, *or* Heav'n *will turn a* Lion.
Bid them *take notice*, she *that was the* stem
Of honour, *now is poor* Jerusalem.
Alas! alas! experience *made her know*
Griefs *abstract*, *and the* quintescence *of* wo.
And ah my Soul! *who knows the* course *of* sorrow?
There 'tis to day, it may be here to morrow.
Then have a care, let thy well tutor'd grief
Know rather how to purchase a relief,
Then plagues *and* torments; *Let thy sober* Will
Be sway'd by reason; *let thy* reason *still*
Lead thee to meditation: *then begin*
To search thy self, and cypher up thy sin.

Having

Having thus done, thou quickly wilt discry
Thy grief, and where th'imperious humours lie;
And having found them out, let no delay
Damage thy Soul, but quickly haste away;
And from the bottom of thy heart confess
Thy greatest sins; so Heav'n may make them less.
O kiss the Son; for if his anger be,
Tea but a little kindled, blest is he
Whose groping Soul his seal'd up mercies *found,*
And cast his anchor *in so firm a ground.*
Heav'n smiles on them whose oft-repeated pray'r
Expands their sins, & makes their God their care.
But when revolting negligence *shall call*
Confounding ruine *from th'imperial hall*
Of Heav'ns high-seated Palace, and invite
A dreadful vengeance, to eclipse the light
Of a resplendent happiness; and double
The lab'ring Soul with interposing trouble:
Ah, then our pleasures *shall be turn'd to* toys,
And sudden grief *shall expiate our* joys!
And like Jerusalem, *confus'd shall we*
Wander and languish in obscuritie:
Then, then our down-cast spirits shall lament,
And moan their just deserved punishment:
Then shall our Peace *be drawn unto an end,*
Then shall we look for, but shall find no friend:
Then shall our sad Embassadors prepare,
And mount to Heav'n, but find no audience there:
Then shall our blubber'd eyes in vain let slide
Innumerable tears; then shall the Tyde

Of

Of Heav'ns high-flowing anger rage and roar,
And dash against our sin-polluted shore:
Then shall we run, and in our running, meet
Th'obvious sword in the blood-streaming street:
Then shall our hasty trembling feet retire
To our sad houses; there shall Death *require*
Th'arrears of sorrow: Lingring Famine *shall*
Like to a lean-cheek'd Fury grasp us all;
And from our stronting veins *shall squeez a flood,*
A luke-warm deluge of diffused blood.
Then shall our children *with their* midnight cries
Lament for food; *Then shall their* mothers eyes
Bedew their bosoms *with the falling* showres
Of dribling tears: *Then shall their lothed hours*
Haste to an end; And having thus expreſt
Their woes, *shall creep into* Eternal rest.
Then shall the early melancholly Bells
Sound mournful peals *for their sad last* farewels.
Ah now my Soul! *Can any* griefs *out-vy*
Such griefs *as these? Can any* heart *deny*
The justness *of these* Judgments? *If they do,*
May they feel Sodoms *and* Gomorrahs *too.*
Heav'n cannot be unjust; No, no, 'tis we
Provoking sinners *are unjust, not* he.
Shall we offend, and shall we every day
Hale down his Judgments *on our backs, then lay*
The burthen of our faults on him, and cry,
Like Traytor Judas, *Master, is it I?*
No, no, we must not; but let every one
Unbosom all his actions, *and make known*

His

His misdemeanors; *then if any can*
Plead himself guiltless, *he's a* happy man.
Find out but ten good men, *and for their sake*
Heav'n will deduct a thousand plagues, *and shake*
Ten thousand *more from his incensed* breast,
And for their sakes will give ten thousand *rest.*
Sodom *can witness* Heav'n *brooks no denyal,*
He *had sav'd* all, *had* ten *been found but loyal.*
Oh blind *and* foolish *is that* City, *when*
Ten thousand *doubled cannot number* ten.

Chap. III.

Contents.

1 *The faithful bewail their calamities.* 22 *By the mercies of God they nourish their hopes.* 37 *They acknowledg Gods Justice.* 55 *They pray for deliverance,* 64 *and vengeance on their enemies.*

1 I Is *I* have seen *affliction* by the *rod,*
Th'impetuous *anger* of the *wrathful God.*
He with a *pitchy darkness* mask'd my *sight,*
And hath not *cloth'd me* with the *robes of light.*
3 He turn'd *his hand* against me all the *day;*
He broke my *bones,* and made my *flesh* decay.

His

His *lab'ring fury* hath built up a *wall* 5
Against *me*, and surrounded *me* with *gall*.
In *dungeon places* he me set, like *those* 6
Which in their *graves* have had a long *repose*.
And he hath made my toilsom *chains* to be 7
Heavy; *He hedg'd me from my liberties*.
And when *I* shout and cry he will not hear, 8
But makes *my pray'r* a *stranger* to his *ear*.
He hath inclosed me with *stones* that stay 9
My hasty *steps*, he hath incurv'd my *way*.
And as a *lurking Bear* observes my *paces*, 10
Or as a *Lion* in the secret *places*.
He turn'd *me* from my *ways*, disturb'd my *state*, 11
Pull'd *me* in *pieces*, made *me desolate*.
He bent his *Bow*, and made *my* trembling *heart* 12
The aym'd-at *object* of his *fatal dart*.
He caus'd his *quivered guests* t'inforce my *veins*, 13
And take a *large possession* in my *reins*.
I was my *peoples* laughing *stock*, their *song* 14
Was tuned to my *mischief* all day long.
He fill'd me full of *bitterness* and *woe*, (too. 15
And made *me drunk* with nauseous *Wormwood*
He brake my *teeth* with *gravel stones*, and *he* 16
With heaps of *ashes* hath involved *me*.
Banish'd my *Soul* from *Peace*, *Prosperity* 17
Is quite relapsed from my *memory*.
I said, my *strength*, my very *hope* is ven 18
Wasted and perish'd from the *Lord* of *Heav'n*.
Ponder my *woes*, and my *afflictions* all, 19
Remember both the *honey* and the *gall*.

These

These things do still in my *remembrance* rest,
And *ah*, my *Soul* is humbled in my *breſt*!
This I recall to my *ſwift-roving mind*,
Therefore I hope, and hoping, hope to find.
It is the *mercy* of the *Lord* we fail
So late; for his compaſſions never fail.
They're every morning new; thy *faithfulneſs*
Is great, and greater then I can expreſs.
The *Lord's* my portion, ſaith my *Soul*; and I
Will therefore hope unto *Eternity*.
And that *juſt Soul*, which dayly ſhall attend
Upon the *Lord*, ſhall never want a *friend*.
'Tis good that man ſhould hope and wait upon
Th' *Almighties* pleaſure and *ſalvation*.
'Tis good for *man* to exerciſe the *truth*,
And bear the *yoke* of his offending *youth*.
He ſits alone, and ſilently makes known,
He bears no other burthen then his *own*.
His humbled *mouth* ſalutes the duſty *ground*,
As if ſome hopes of *mercy* may be found.
He's fill'd with *ſhame*, he willingly invites
The ſecond *ſtroke* the hand of him that *ſmites*.
For they that ſtrive, and really endeavor,
God will not leave, nor caſt them off for ever.
He will have pity, though he ſends a grief;
In multitudes of mercy lies relief.
He doth not puniſh, nor augment the *ſmart*
Of ſinners *children* with a willing *heart*.
His *feet* take no delight to cruſh to *death*
Th' offending *priſoners* of th' inferior *earth*.

To

To turn away *mans* right (his heart abhors) 35
Before the face of their *superiors*,
And to subvert a *man* in his just cause,
The *Lord* approveth not, 'tis not his *Laws*. (say, 36
And who is he whose spend-thrift *tongue* dare 37
This thing shall come to pass, when *Heav'n* says
Out of the mouth of him that's *God* indeed (nay! 38
There doth not *evil*, but known *good* proceed.
Why doth a living *man* with grumbling thoughts 39
Complain as one that's punisht for his faults?
Let's search, let's try our *ways*, let's turn again
To *God*, and he will turn away our *pain*.
And let our hands b'extended with our *Souls* 41
To Heav'ns *Star-chamber*, where our God doth
We have rebelliously transgrest, and *then*, (mourn 42
Thou hast not pard'ned with a cheerful *brow*.
Thine *anger* hath o'reshadowed us, thou hast 43
Slain without pity, we thy *anger* taste. (let
Th'ast vail'd thy self with *clouds*, which will not 44
Our *prayers* pass thorough to discharge *our debt*.
And as th'off-scouring thou, *O Lord*, hast made us 45
Amongst those *factious people* that betray'd us.
Our greedy *enemies* have op'ned wide 46
Their *mouths* against us, and our *pains* deride.
Fear, like a *snare*, incloses us about, 47
And *desolation* will not keep *without*.
Mine *eyes* run down like hasty *floods* of *water*, 48
For the destruction of my *peoples Daughter*.
Mine *eyes* are full, and *tears* do stream upon 49
My *cheeks* without an *intermission*:

50 Till *Heav'n* look'd down on my *enriver'd face*,
And view'd my weeping from his *holy place*.
51 Mine *eyes* affect my *pining heart* with *pity*,
Because of all the *Daughters* of my *City*.
52 And causeless (like a *frighted bird* that flies)
I still am chased by my *enemies*.
53 They have destroy'd me in the *dungeon*, nay
They cast a *stone* upon me where *I lay*.
54 Th'imperious *waves* mounted above my *head*,
And then I cry'd, *Alas, alas*, I'm *dead*.
55 I call'd upon thy Name (O Lord;) my voyce
Out of the *dungeon* made a dreadful *noise*.
56 Th'ast heard my *cries*, Oh let thy *ears* not lie
Hid from the breathing of my doleful *cry*.
57 And in that day when I on thee did call,
Thou cam'st, *and bid me never fear at all*.
58 And when my *Soul* (O Lord) was fil'd with *strife*,
Thou didst both *plead* my *cause*, and save my *life*.
59 And thou hast plainly seen my wrong'd estate;
Judg *thou* my *cause*, be *thou* my *Advocate*.
60 For *thou* hast seen *their vengeance*, *thou* dost see
Their deep imaginations against *me*.
61 Thou their *reproach* hast heard, and apprehended
What against *me* their busie *thoughts* intended.
62 *Thou* know'st the very *lips* of *them* that rose
Against *me*, and the *malice* of my *foes*.
63 Behold their *sitting* and their *rising*, I
Am all their *musick*, and their *melody*.
64 Render to *them* a recompence, O *God*,
And let them feel *thy handy-work*, *thy rod*.

Of

O give them grief of heart; O let them burst
With dregs of sorrow, let them be accurst.
And let thy angry persecuting hand
Destroy, confound, and sweep them from the Land.

Meditatio in Capitulum.

COme, come, my Soul, do not obnubilate
Thy self with smoky pleasures, nor create
More vain delights to please thy toyish minde:
Be serious now; let pleasures be confin'd.
Th'Almighty's angry, and his angry Breath
Expresses nothing but resolved Death.
His wrath is kindled, and his furious hand
Threatens a ruine to a sinful Land.
His bow is bent; behold he stands prepar'd,
'Tis he, 'tis he, that will not be out-dar'd:
And should his roving messenger impart
A secret sorrow to a private heart;
What then? Can all the balsams may be found
Recure so great, so terrible a wound?
No, no; O then let thy discerning eye
Be truly watchful; for discovery
Oft-times prevents a mischief: he's a stranger
To Heav'ns high Court, that thinks t'out-brave a danger
Behold (my Soul) thou art inviron'd round
With troops of adversaries; hark, they sound

Their vilifying trumpets; look, they make
And make thy sorrows but their laughing stock.
Dost thou not hear them, how they shout and cry
As though they'd cleave th'inseparable sky?
O be not deaf; rouze up thy self, advance
Thy backward thoughts, steep not in ignorance.
Provoke not Heav'n too much: O do not still
Urge more and more his most unwilling will.
Observe but how unpleasantly his arm
Draws up his bow, as one that's loath to harm.
Methinks I hear him say, O cun ye tell!
Why will ye dye, ye house of Israel?
Methinks I hear his never-ending breath
Breathe in disdain against a sinners death.
Methinks I hear his grieved spirit say,
Ye that are weary, come, O come away,
And lay your burthens on my back, and I
Will bear them all; I'l bear them willingly;
Why will ye dye? why will ye shut your eyes,
And thus run head-long after vanities?
Open your Adder ears, come and rejoyce
With me and mine; let my harmonious voyce
Invite you? Ah, what pleasures can accrue,
From shadows, to such substances as you?
Cast off the works of darkness, let true light
Expel those mists: O come when I invite.
What do ye mean? O tell me, tell me why
To love to tumble in impurity?
Ah now my Soul! let admiration prove
That Heav'n's compos'd of nothing but of Love:

O

O Love beyond expreſſion! *My deſerts*
(Rather then Mercy*) claim a thouſand* darts.
Call home thy wandring thoughts, *and let* them *all*
(Like ſervants) be obedient to thy Call.
Examine them; the very beſt *will ſhow,*
Thy beſt deſerts *are but an* overthrow.
Review thy actions; *ſee if* they *can yeeld*
One grain of comfort: *ſee if* they *can ſhield*
Thy threatned ſtate: *The more men ſtrive to ſmo-*
Their ſins, the more one ſin begets another. *(ther*
Then fly, dull ſoul, *to Heav'ns high* Court, *& there*
Melt, melt, *into an* everlaſting tear.
Attone thy God, *let not thy* tongue *deny*
The truth *to* him, *when* he *ſhall ask* thee, *why.*
Why haſt thou *done this* wickedneſs? *Confeſs,*
'Tis thou *haſt ſinn'd, 'tis* he *that muſt depreſs*
That head-increaſing Hydra: *Then ſhalt* thou
Behold with what a voluntary brow
He'l entertain thee, *and thoſe* joys *impart*
To thee, *which wait upon a* contrite heart.
He will have pity, *though* he *ſends a* grief:
In multitudes of mercy lies relief.
The God of Love *did never take delight*
To mantle ſinners *with the clouds of* night.
He's an indulgent Father, *and his* care
Is infinite, as all his mercies *are.* (run:
Compoſe thy numerous thoughts, my Soul, and
O tell that Father, thou wilt be his Son.

Chap. IV.

Contents.

1 *Sion bewaileth her pitiful estate:* 13 *She confesseth her sins.* 21 *Edom is threatned.* 22 *Sion is comforted.*

1 How is the *gold* grown dim! how is the fine,
The purest changed, that was wont to shine!
The *stones* that pav'd the *Sanct'ary* are thrown
Into the *streets*, for *beasts* to trample on.
2 The sons of *Sion*, which I could compare
To finest *gold*, behold, see now they are
Esteem'd as *earthen pitchers*, which the hands
Of the industrious *Potter* still commands.
3 The ill-shap'd *monsters*, which the *Ocean* owns
As *proper guests*, nourish their little ones:
But ah, my *Daughters* are grown pitiless,
Like *Ostriches* within the wilderness.
4 The wordless tongues of thirsty *children* cleave
To their unliquid mouths; they never leave
Their integrating cries: *Poor hearts* in vain
They cry for *food*, but can no *food* obtain.
5 And they that fed upon delicious sweets,
Are desolate in the unquiet streets:

They

They that were brought up in a scarlet dress,
Embrace a *dunghil* as their happiness.
For ah, my peoples *Daughter* suffers more 6
For her great sins, then *Sodom* did before.
Her beautified *Nazarites* could show 7
A purer white then *milk*, whiter then snow;
Their *bodies* then the *rubies* were more red,
With shining *Saphire* were they polished.
But now their changed visages excel 8
The *coal* in blackness; they that knew them well,
Now know them not: their flesh adheres & sticks
Unto their bones, they are like with'red sticks:
Those that are ravisht of their fading breath 9
By the *encountring sword*, enjoy a death
Transcending theirs, whose lingring souls are pinde
For want of *food*: *Ah Famine's never kinde!*
The woful *women* boyl their young, they have 10
Turn'd their own fruitful *bellies* to a *grave*.
The Lord hath now accomplished his *ire*, 11
Pour'd out his streaming *anger*, caus'd a fire
To flame in *Sion*, which devour'd and layd (made,
Those buildings waste, which their own hands had
The wisest *Kings*, nor the worlds copious Nations 12
Did ever think to see these great invasions
Of the unbridled *foe*, whose head-long courses
Divides her gates with their divided forces.
The *Priests* & *Prophets* crimeless blood have shed; 13
Their sins drew down this mischief on their head.
Like those they wander, whose benighted eyes 14
Attract no light from the all-lightning skies:

They have themselves polluted, so that none
Can touch their clothes; *they are with blood o're.*
15 The *people* cry, depart, what do ye mean? (*flown.*
Depart, depart, touch not, it is unclean:
The *Heathen*, as they fled together, cry'd,
With us they shall not *sojourn*, not abide.
16 *Gods* anger hath divided them; he never
Will love them more, but cast *them* off for ever:
They dis-respected *Priests*, and they forgot
The *gravest Elders*, whom they pitied not.
17 But as for *us*, our help-beguiled eyes
Fail'd us as yet, no comfort would arise
To us; we watch'd for *Nations*, but their pow'r
Could not protect us from so great a showre.
18 They hunt our steps, our oft-extended feet
Cannot divide their paces in the street:
Our end is neer, and our days total sum
Is now fulfil'd, for now our end is come.
19 Our *persecuters*, our tormentors are
Swifter then *Eagles* that enforce the ayr:
Upon the mountains they pursu'd us; *They*,
To trap our feet, in *ambushcado* lay.
20 Those *pits*, which they for ruine have appointed,
Inclos'd our *Souls delight*, *the Lords Anointed*;
Under whose *shadow* we shall live, we said,
Amongst the *Heathens*: thus are we dismay'd.
21 *O Edoms daughter*, now stretch out thy voyce,
Be glad; and for a time in *Uz* rejoyce:
This cup shall pass along to *thee*, thou shalt
Be *drunk* and *naked*, 'cause thou didst revolt.

Thy

Thy plagues expire, O *Sions daughters!* he 22
No more will lead thee to captivity:
But *Edom*, O lament, lift up thine eyes,
For Heav'n will visit thy iniquities.

Meditatio in Capitulum.

DIstracted Sion, *having spent her days*
In supine negligence, stands in a maze,
Not knowing what to do: her wanted joys
Teeld torment, not contentment, seeming toys,
And childish trifles, which perplex her more,
Then thousand pleasures pleas'd her before.
And now her alienated minde begins
To ruminate upon her former sins:
Her studious thoughts recount what precious time
She spent in folly; weighing every crime
In equal balance, *posing them aright,*
Findes them too heavy, and her self too light.
And like a frighted bird, *her winged minde*
Flies up and down, thinking some rest to finde
In sorrows *wilderness: But ah, who can*
Finde a lost Jewel in the Ocean!
Now we may see how her embraced folly
Is quite dissolved into melancholly.
And those lascivious hours, which she hath spent,
Seem like grim Marshals *giving punishment.*

To an offending wretch: As in a dream
The fancy makes each object seem extreame;
And why? because the judgment which should
Th'unruly fancy, *sleeping's layd aside:* (*guide*
The senses once lock'd up, the fancy *may*
Not onely claim a priviledg to play,
But to delude, and represent those things
To meanest Subjects, *which belong to* Kings;
Which makes the flatter'd Senses *even dance,*
And leap for joy, *and striving to advance*
Themselves, awake; and finding all's but vain,
Reason steps in, and makes them poor again.

Even thus was poor Jerusalem *lull'd asleep*
With fancy-pleasing pleasure, which did keep
A rendezvous within her, lest that doubt
Should interpose, and put the fancy out
Of frame; And by a more divineer art
Should breed a Meditation *in her heart.*
For when the wak'ned Senses once have gain'd
The upper hand, the fancy *is restrain'd,*
And curb'd by judgment; *Reason too survives*
Again, and claims her own Prerogatives:
The apprehension *with her new-got pow'r*
Begins to taste and apprehend how sowre
Her sweets are grown: Ah then she cries? I see
I'm turn'd to nothing, being turn'd from thee,
My great Redeemer, *I have quite exil'd*
Thy mercies from my bosom, and revil'd
Thy just commands, *presuming of mine own*
To urge, with my reiterated crimes;

Thy

Thy long-continued patience; undepress't
No grief at all from my obdurate breast.
My eyes were still laborious to discover
New vanities; and like a heedless lover,
Whose beauty-dazled eyes do onely view
The Superficies, seeking not how true
The heart remaineth, but can fondly be
Content with beauties bare Epitomie.
And thus my rash advent'ring Soul went on,
(Pleasures admit no intermission
To them, whose hearts are envious to obtain
A present pleasure, but a future pain:)
And ah, how quickly, yielding flesh and blood
Surpriz'd and conquer'd by a seeming good!
A Good *that's good for nothing but to invite*
Fond Souls *to ruine, and o'revail the light*
Of real Truth: *and with enforc'd delusions*
Make them take pleasure in their own confusions.
Since then, my Soul, no pleasure can be found
In this base Center; let thy thoughts rebound
From this fastidious Orb; learn to advance
Thy self above the frowns, the reach of chance:
And let the extent of thy ambition be
Onely to purchase an Eternitie
Of happiness, which shall perpetuate,
And make thee glorious in a glorious state.
Divorce thy self from thy unsum'd-up faults,
Protract no time, but clarifie thy thoughts.
Command thy self, and thou shalt be reputed
A most deserving Victor: *not confuted*

By any, though their noble acts may claim
A true inheritance to a lasting Fame.
For he that gives himself an overthrow,
Conquers a Kingdom, and subdues a foe.
Then arm thy self, my Soul, *and strive t'out-dare*
Satans *attempts; be studious to prepare*
Thy self, and let thy adversary *see*
When he is strongest, th'art as strong as he.
Let not his vain delusions interpose
'Twixt thee and Heav'n: *O do not thou expose*
Thy self to wilful danger, but endever
T'accost his actions; *but beleeve him never.*
Thou seest how poor Jerusalem *bewails*
Her sad disasters; how she stoops, and fails
Beneath the burthen of her grief, *and cries,*
O boundless grief! O vainest vanities!
O dream thou not of transitory things,
Which are unconstant, having secret wings
To fly away; and flying will confound
Thy better parts, and give thy Soul *a wound.*
Be mary then, and let thy thought concur
With Heav'ns commands, and so will he transfer
His Kingdom to thee, full of lasting treasure,
Where nothing's greater then the smallest plea-
(sure.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

REmember, *Lord*, what's come upon us; see,
Ponder the greatness of our *infamy*.
Strangers inherit that which is our due,
Our *habitation*'s turn'd to *aliens* too.
For we are *Orphans*, and all fatherless,
Our *Mothers* are as *Widows* in distress.
We buy our *water*, (O unhappy fate!)
And purchase *fuel* at too dear a rate.
Our *necks* are persecuted and unblest,
And still we labor, but obtain no rest.
Unto the *Egyptians* we our hand have spread,
Desiring to be satisfied with *bread*.
Our buried *fathers* sin'd in former times,
And we have born the burthen of their crimes.
Servants have rul'd us, and there's none that will
Deliver us, but let them rule us still.
With peril of our *lives* we have obtain'd
Our bread, because the *sword* was unrestrain'd.
Our skins are black, like to an *oven*, and dry,
Because the *Famine* caus'd a *Tyranny*.
Sion and *Judahs daughter* have been led
Away, and violently *ravished*.
Princes are hang'd up by the hands; the faces
Of *Elders* have no honor but disgraces.

They

13 They made the *young men* grinde; the *childrens*
Fainted beneath the burthen of their *wood*. (blood
14 The *Elders* at their gates did not abide,
The *young mens* musick too is layd aside.
15 The joy is ceas'd which was our hearts relief,
Our *active dancing*'s turn'd to *passive grief*.
16 The *crown* is fallen from our *heads*; and wo,
Wo be to us that have offended so.
17 Our hearts are faint, and our suffused eyes
Are dim, because of these calamities.
18 Because that *Sions* mountain's desolate,
The *foxes* walk thereon to recreate
19 Themselves: But thou, O *Lord*, shalt sit on high,
Upon thy Throne, unto *Eternity*.
20 Wherefore dost thou forsake *us*, and demure
Thy self so long from *us*, that seem secure:
21 Turn thou, and we are turn'd; Lord we implore,
Renew our days, as thou hast done before.
22 But thou hast quite rejected us, and *thou*
Beholdst thy servants with an angry brow.

Meditatio in Capitulum.

01 COmplaining, *what is that? will that relieve*
Imprisoned souls, *or teach thẽ how to grieve?*
Tell me, sad Soul, *can greater* wants *converse*
With flesh *and* blood? *nay, what more lasting* curse
Can be entail'd on man, *then to complain*
To such an eat as will not once retain

The

The least expression of a grief, *but cry,*
Let woe attend him to Eternity?
O dismal sentence! and if this be all,
'Twould grieve a man that e're he griev'd at all,
To be thus harshly answer'd, and excluded
From hopes of mercy; *Be not thus deluded,*
Despairing Soul.

Jerusalem, *'tis true, she did complain;*
And was that all? O no, her tongue *did chain*
A prayer *to her* Petition, *and her* eyes
Were dayly trickling for her miseries.
Where is that man, *that if he chance to be*
Deprived of his goods *by* robberie,
Will sit complaining by himself, and try
No lawful means for a recovery
Of what he lost? should We not deem him mad,
To lose that good, *which might've easily had,*
If sought? This Proverb *calls it to my minde,*
He that will spare to seek, must spare to finde.
Even so, if Satan, *whose depriving pow'r*
Shall take a watch'd advantage, and devour
The Manna *of our* Souls, *shall we then say,*
'Tis gone, 'tis gone, Satan *has stoln't away?*
And ah, can these, these naked words *recal*
A lost estate? *O no, 'twill but enthral*
Our happiness *the more, and make our* grief
The more extream, admitting no relief.
My Soul, *if* Satan *e're shall make attempt*
Upon thy weakness, *Lab'ring to exempt*

And turn thee from thy self; go and make known
Thy cause *to* Heav'ns Judg-Advocate: *bemoan*
Thy self with tears; *complain, confess, and pray:*
God loves confession, *but abhors* delay.
Run, run into him, that thou mayst prevent
The wrath *and* censure *of his* Parliament.
Go, go, for there thou shalt be sure to finde
Abundance link'd together in one minde.
There is no faction, *no* divisions *there,*
But all are settled in one hemisphere
Of true Opinion. There is none t'expect
A bribe; *or else without a* bribe *neglect*
To agitate thy business, *or exact*
Upon thy guiltless conscience, *or enact*
Their several humors: *There is none to bring*
Thy Soul *in danger, 'cause th'ast lov'd thy* King,
Thy brave injur'd King; by whom thou shalt possess
A true and no reviled happiness.
O endless joy! a joy *that far transcends*
The deepest thoughts; a joy that never ends.
Be ravish'd, O my Soul! *and meditate*
Upon Jerusalem: *Let her sad state*
Be as a caveat *to thee; let her* fall
Teach thee to stand: let her detested gall
Prove honey *to thee; so mayst thou derive*
Thy welfare *from her* sorrows, *and survive*
In everlasting bliss: Peace *beyond measure*
Shall crown thee with vicissitude of Pleasure.
Play well thy game, and so will Heav'n extend
His liberal grace, and bless thee in the End.

DIVINE

DIVINE MEDITATIONS.

Meditation we may fitly call
The *Souls Arithmetitian*, summing all
Our *sins* together; Nay, and every day
Cyphers them up, and teaches us to pray;
Then let us meditate, and strive to do
What our *Arithmetitian* leads us too.

He that will true examples *learn to give,*
First let him learn to dye, *and then to* live:
Prefer the surest first; for you *and I*
Uncertain are to live, *but sure to* dye.

MEDITAT. I.

Pelion is fallen upon *Ossa's* back,
The more I cry for *help*, the more I lack.

There's

There's none will look upon *me*, how I lie
In the *Charybdis* of perplexity.
Escaping *Scylla*, O I thought I'd been
Past danger, but Charybdis *was not seen.*

Meditat. 2.

I'm now benighted, and obscur'd from light,
My *day* of pleasure's turn'd into a night
Of *clouded sorrow*; Grief comes sailing on,
Steer'd by the hand of my *Rebellion.*
Heav'n stop *his* passage, may he never rest
Within the harbor of my tender breast.

Meditat. 3.

What have *I* done? or what have *I* deserv'd,
That I am thus imprison'd, and reserv'd
For *death* and *sad destruction?* Nay, but why,
Why do I ask, what *I have done?* To dye,
To dye, 'tis too too little, could a worse,
A worse succeed, I have deserv'd the curse.

Meditat. 4.

I have displeased *Heav'n*, where shall I fly
To hide my self from his offended *eye?*
If *rocks*, or *caves*, could hide me from my *sin*,
There, there I'd go, and hide my self within

The bowels of the *Earth*, till Heav'n should say,
The night of sin is gone, and now 'tis day.

MEDITAT. 5.

What if I storm'd *Heav'ns Paradise* with prayers,
And so besieg'd it with an *host* of tears?
What if I undermin'd and layd a train
To blow it up with sighs? 'twere but in vain:
To *storm*, *besiege*, all is but labour spent,
Except I could, as *David* did, *Repent*.

MEDITAT. 6.

Repent: O what a sound that word imports!
O how it penetrates! How many sorts
Of *Eccboes* answer it! Repent of all;
He that leaves one, repents of none at all.
He that will learn how to repent, and *when*,
First let him strive to be a David, *then.*

MEDITAT. 7.

And art thou still disquieted, my *Soul?*
Trust thou in *God*; in God, that doth controul
Both *Heav'n* and *Earth*: 'tis he that must and shal
Be *fear'd* and *honor'd*, yea and lov'd withall.
'Tis *he* can send *Jobs* torments, and his wo;
'Tis we must pray to have his patience too.

MEDITAT. 8.

Fain would I come before my *angry God*,
But that my *sinful fears* still fear the Rod
Of his *Correction*, yet appear I must;
Sure, sure he's *merciful*, as well as *just*:
Cheer up *dejected Soul*, and thou shalt see
His mercy's greater then thy sins can be.

MEDITAT. 9.

Can *Heav'n* forget himself, or can *he* say
That thing o'th *night*, he cannot do next *day*?
Can *friends* forget their *children*, or deny
Their *dearest bloods*? or can a *mountain* fly?
Heav'n says, he'l be a *Father* till the end:
Then he's a fool that doubts so true a friend.

MEDITAT. 10.

A *friend indeed*, but how can *I* expect
To purchase *friendship* by my own *neglect*?
For ah, how often hath *Heav'n* pleas'd to say,
Ye that are heavy loaden, come away,
And I will give you ease? Alas! but I
Thought sin no burthen, neither thought to dye.

Meditation.

But now I see the frailty of my *mind*;
I thought I was imprison'd, when confin'd
Only one hour to goodness; nay, that hour
I thought a year, until I had the power
To free my self; when freed, I had forgot
What goodness was, as though I'd heard it not.

Meditation.

And should I strive to reckon up my *sins*,
How can he make an *end*, that still *begins*?
The sands upon the *Seas*, nay, and the hair
Upon my *head*, are *Cyphers* in compare
Of my *excessive sins*, yet *Heav'n* can call
Me, as he did the spend-thrift Prodigal.

Meditation.

I know my *sins* are great, and do increase
Within my *Soul*, and disturb my *Peace*:
O what am I *(dear Heav'n!)* I am thy *creature*,
My *sins* are great, but yet thy *mercy*'s greater.
Pardon (*blest Heav'n*,) forgive what I have done;
Thou art my Father, own me as thy Son.

Meditat 14.

It is a happineſs to ſcorn the *mirth*
Of this confuſed tranſitory *Earth*:
And *he* who is ambitious to create
A happineſs, muſt make the *World* his *hate*:
Then if ſelf-love appear, we know for what;
We love our ſelves in truly hating that.

Meditat. 15.

Life is the *lifes* preparative, and *Death*
The deprivation of unconſtant *breath*.
A well directed *life* ſhall always find
Society in *Death*; a glorious mind
Shall have a glorious, a celeſtial friend
To guard his glory to a glorious end.

Meditat. 16.

But can a mind, enammel'd with the *glory*
Of *Heav'n*, have *end*? or elſe is *Death a ſtory*?
Death is the end of *Life*, and yet we ſee
Life is deriv'd from *Deaths* ſoveraigntie.
'Tis quickly known, the *Death* of *Sin* muſt give
The para'ned Soul a priviledg to live.

MEDITAT. 17.

Heav'n is the *ſeat* of Happineſs, and *Hell*
The place of *fury*, where the *Furies* dwell.
Then mount my *Soul* upon the ſpreading wings
Of lofty *Faith*; fly towards the *King* of *Kings*:
Whileſt here thou ſhalt inhabit, learn to know,
That Heav'n's too high for them that fly too low.

MEDITAT. 18.

I am but ſordid *earth*, that's dayly plow'd
With *grief* and *care*; and ſorrows hourly croud
Into my weak *dominions*, and remain
Like greedy *Tenants*, thirſting after gain.
My eyes are always open to behold
New woes, for I am form'd in ſorrows mould.

MEDITAT. 19.

I am a reeling *Pinnace*, and I ſail
From *Port* to *Port*; ſometimes a humble gale
Salutes my *ſpreading ſails*, and by and by
The *waves*, contemning my proſperity,
Spit in my *face*, being hurried by their *tydes*,
They ſeem to crawl into my ſweating ſides.

Meditat. 20.

I am a clouded *day*, I promise rain:
Sometimes I'm stormy, and then clear again;
Sometimes the *Sun of Peace* begins t'appear,
But cannot shine in sorrows *Hemisphere*:
Saddest of thoughts; needs must he be distrest
That finds unconstant weather in his breast.

Meditat. 21.

I am a *vapor*, having not the power
T'endure the fervor of one shining *hour*:
Vapors cannot withstand a *mid-days heat*;
Afflictions must be hot, where *sins* are great:
'Tis not unlike, a misty morning may
Oft-times prove usher to a glorious day.

Meditat. 22.

I am a *trembling reed*, and every day
The *wind* and *I* are subject to a fray:
I'm bruis'd, and shall be broken, if some hand
Sustain me not, I shall forget to stand:
But stay my *Soul*, and hear Jehovah speak,
I will, the bruised reed I will not break.

Meditat. 33.

I am but *earth*, corrupted with my deeds,
Which are but like unprofitable weeds;
My *soil* is rank and barren, and it bears
No *grain* at all, no not so much as *tears*: Thou,
Wouldst thou increase (my Soul,) I'le teach thee
Sow but the seeds of Faith, God steers the plow.

Meditat. 34.

Despair not, when *affliction* plows the ground,
Doubt not *increases*, if the seed be sound;
Heav'n loves a *fruitful harvest*, and his hand
Is always *active* to manure the *Land*;
He takes the chiefest care, the greatest pains,
He crowns the work, 'tis we that reap the gains.

Meditat. 35.

Man's like a *house*, whose outward beauty may
Yield pleasure to the eye; If we survey
The inward *rooms*, there we may find enough
Of untrim'd *natures* sluttish *houshold-stuff*:
Wouldst thou be fair within (O man,) and neat,
Turn but thy inside out, thou'lt be compleat.

Meditat. 26.

Do greedy *Ravens* hunger? do they cry
For *food*? and are they *fed*? and must not *I*?
I *beg*, I *crave*, and yet am hungry still;
I *pine*, I *starve*, and *Ravens* have their fill.
I know (*great God*) I have offended *thee*,
Because thou feed'st the Ravens, and not me.

Meditat. 27.

Do *Lillies* flourish? do they still remain
Neatly adorn'd? and yet they take no pain;
They neither *spin* nor *card*, they take no care,
And yet they're cloth'd, and *I*, poor *I*, go bare.
I know (great God) I have offended thee,
Because thou cloth'st the Lillies, and not me.

Meditat. 28.

Why am I thus tormented with the *Rod*
Of my *afflictions*? Hath my angry *God*
Forgot his *creature*? Shall I never have
A little ease, but be *affliction's slave*?
Forbear, my *grumbling Soul*, cheer up, and be
Mindful of him, and he'l remember thee.

MEDITAT. 29.

And why does *Heav'n* afflict me, but becauſe
He'l make me know *my ſelf*, and learn his *Laws*.
Then why am I diſquieted? If *he*
Intends my *good*, ſhall I prove *enemie*
Unto *my ſelf*? My *Soul*, take *care*, be ſtill,
Unleſs he turns that good into an ill.

MEDITAT. 30.

Then learn, *my ſoul*, when *Heav'n* afflicts, to know
'Tis for thy *ſins* he does it, and to ſhow
The greatneſs of his *mercy*, and to make
Thee love *affliction* for the *Afflictors* ſake.
Be *wiſe* and *provident*, and thou ſhalt ſee,
'Twas good for David, *'twill be good for thee.*

MEDITAT. 31.

If thou wilt learn, *my Soul*, how to endure,
With patience, thy *afflictions*, be thou ſure,
That when the hand of angry *Heav'n* ſhall ſmite,
Thou doſt not grumble like the *Iſraelite*.
Strive thou for patience, heav'n wil teach thee how
To bear affliction with a cheerful brow.

Meditat. 31.

What though the *waves* of thy *afflictions* rise,
And rage abundantly? lift up thy *eyes*,
And cry to *Heav'n*, let patience calm thy mind,
And know that purest *gold* must be refin'd,
And when *affliction* brings thee to the brink
Of death, remember Peter *did not sink.*

Meditat. 33.

When I consider how I have offended
My Souls dread *Soveraign*, and *vili-pended*
His gracious promises, I much admire
He casts me not into eternal fire:
But he in *mercy* makes me kiss his Rod,
Tells me, I am a creature, he a God.

Meditat. 34.

Consider well, *my Soul*, why hast thou breath,
Since that the wages of thy *Sins* are *death?*
Thou hast deserv'd ten thousand times to dye,
But that thy *GOD*, whose mercy doth deny
A *Sinners death*, reprieves thee for a time,
To make thee know the greatness of thy crime.

MEDITAT. 35.

O meditate, my *Soul*, what *Heav'n* hath done
For thee, that art his moſt *rebellious Son*;
He hath prolong'd thy days, and ſtriv'd to win
And draw thee from the lothſomneſs of *ſin*.
Admired patience! O indulgent care!
Mercy of Mercies! how can Heav'n forbear!

MEDITAT. 36.

Have *I* offended? and ſhall *I* deſpair?
Oh no, *I* dare not: Ah my *Soul*, forbear
To harbor ſuch a wickedneſs; but know,
When thy *ſins* ebb, Gods *mercies* overflow:
His mercy is an *Ocean*, and thy prayer
Is th'only wind can raiſe a tempeſt there.

MEDITAT. 37.

Then pray my *Soul*, and let thy *prayers* reveal
Thy boſom *ſins*; O think not to conceal
A crime from him, that is the *God of Truth*,
And knows the *ſins* of thy offending *youth*: (ther
Ah know my *Soul*, the more thou ſtriv'ſt to ſmo-
Thy ſins, the more one ſin begets another.

Meditat. 38.

Can *Sin*, the Souls conſuming *Viper*, lie,
And *lurk* ſecure, from *Heav'ns* all-ſeeing *eye* ?
O no, 'tis vain to think ſo ; though that we
Are muffl'd up with *ſin*, yet *Heav'n* can ſee.
O then confeſs *my Soul*, and thou ſhalt tread,
And trample on the Vipers poys'ny head.

Meditat. 39.

But can *Confeſſion* in it ſelf obtain
An abſolute *forgiveneſs* ? Can we gain
Heav'n by a *ſigh* ? O no, my *Soul* expreſs
A perfect *ſorrow*, when thou doſt *confeſs*,
Then let reſolved *Conſtancy* endure,
And thou, my Soul, ſhalt truly reſt ſecure.

Meditat. 40.

Doſt thou, my *Soul*, deſire to be partaker
Of thoſe celeſtial joys, wherewith thy *Maker*
Crowns thoſe *endeavoring Souls*, which ſtudy ſtill
To be obedient to his ſacred Will ?
Examine well the *Scriptures*, they will ſhow
The ready way ; then practiſe how to go.

MEDITAT. 41.

Let thy *innocuous Meditations* be
Serious and *fervent*, let *integritie*
Still wait upon *them*, which will ſtill defend
And guard thy *actions* to a proſperous end:
Then ſhall thy labors have a peaceful reſt;
Then dayly labor to be dayly bleſt.

MEDITAT. 42.

But have a *care* (my *Soul*) leſt *malice* chance
To interpoſe it *ſelf*, and ſo advance
Above thy *patience*, and diſturb that *peace*
Which might have bleſt thee with a large *increaſe*.
O have a *care* this be no fault of thine!
Remember who hath ſaid, Vengeance is mine.

MEDITAT. 43.

Doſt thou deſire, my *Soul*, that *Heav'n* ſhould ſay,
Thy *pardon's* ſeal'd, and I will blot away
Thy numerous *ſins*; nay, and I will no more
Remember them, as I have done before? (live,
Then learn, my *Soul*, to know, whileſt thou doſt
He that will be forgiven, muſt forgive.

ME-

MEDITAT. 44.

If thou wouldſt go to *Heav'n*, my Soul, go on,
(Not as the *ſluggard* of wiſe *Solomon*,)
Be not ſo timerous *as he*, to ſay,
There is a *Lion* lurking in the way:
Go on with *courage*, let the way delight thee,
Then ſhall the Lion grumble, and not bite thee.

MEDITAT. 45.

The *wiſe man* ſaith, that *ſluggards* ſhall be cloth'd
With rags, and all his *actions* ſhall be loth'd;
And he that's willing to obtain a *prize*,
Muſt be laborious, and have *watchful eyes*; (ſtrain
(My drouzy Soul) make Heav'n thy prize, then
T'ont-run thy ſins, and ſo thou ſhalt obtain.

MEDITAT. 46.

When on the ladder *Jacob* did diſcry
The *Angels* in his dream, he ſaw them fly
Upwards and *downwards*, which was to expreſs
How much they ſcorn'd and hated *Idleneſs*:
Then learn, my *Soul*, how to aſcend apace
From ſin, to the perfection of grace.

MEDITAT. 47.

What was the reaſon *Peter* wept? Nay, why
Did he go out and weep ſo bitterly?
Could he not weep within? Did he not dare
Before the wicked to diſburſe a tear?
By this example *Peter* makes it known,
Who truly grieves, deſires to grieve alone.

MEDITAT. 48.

Haſt thou my Soul, with perſecuting *Paul*,
Envy'd the *Church*? Haſt thou conſpir'd her *fall*?
Why then my *Soul* wilt thou deſpair? 'Tis true,
The *crime* is great, and *GOD* is gracious too.
A *light* may ſhine from *Heav'n*, and thou ſhalt be,
With Paul, converted from thy Tyrannie.

MEDITAT. 49.

Haſt thou, with thrice-denying *Peter*, cry'd,
I know him not, but ſtubbornly deny'd (crow,
The *Lord of Life*? what then? the *Cock* may
God may look back upon *thee*, and beſtow
His liberal bleſſings: Then my Soul deny
Thy ſins, with Peter, *and weep bitterly.*

Meditat. 50.

But was it not, *my Soul*, a ſad diſaſter,
That *Peter* ſhould ſo ſoon deny his *Maſter*,
For whoſe dear ſake he'd loſe his life? O what
A ſudden change is this, I know *him* not!
Nay more, as if he thought this would not do,
He binds it with an oath, forſwears him too.

Meditat. 51.

What was the reaſon that the *Lions*, when
They entertained *Daniel* in their *Den*,
Did rather *fear*, then hunger? Nay, how can
Deſtroying *Lions* fawn upon a *man*?
My Soul, there was a *Lamb* that tam'd the *Lion*,
And made the Den prove Daniels *ſafeſt Sion.*

Meditat. 52.

Adviſe *my Soul*, and how could *Daniel* live,
Impris'ned in the *Den*, and none to give
Him dayly *food*? How could he reſt at quiet,
Without th'enjoyment of ſome *ſlender diet*?
When *Heav'n* commands his Angels, they ſhal feed
A Soul; (*my Soul*) *that Soul can never need.*

Me-

Meditat. 53.

'Twas *Faith* that guarded *Daniel* from the paws
Of dauntleſs *Lions*, whoſe imperious jaws
Were ty'd by *Heav'ns* appointment, ſo that they
Forgot their *Tyranny*, and learn'd to play.
(My Soul) with *Daniel*, truly think upon
Thy God, and Faith ſhall be thy Champion.

Meditat. 54.

Did great *Goliah* fall? Could he not ſtand,
That was ſo ſtrong, againſt ſo weak a hand?
Could not his *armour*, nor his *ſtorming power*
Maintain ſo mean a *Combate* half an hour?
Here, here (my Soul) obſerve, and thou ſhalt find
An armed body, but a naked mind.

Meditat. 55.

But how did ſtripling *David* dare to ſhow
His *childiſh* face before ſo great a *foe*?
He had no *armour* on, nor *ſword* to ſhield
His *body*, yet he *fought*, and won the *field*.
Here, here (my Soul) obſerve, and thou ſhalt find
A naked body, but an armed mind.

Meditat. 56.

Be sure (my Soul) when e're thou shalt begin
To *War* with the *Goliah* of thy *sin*,
Take *Davids armour*, and thou shalt o'erthrow
Thy *sin* with a most *advantagious blow*.
Boast not too much, but with bold courage fight;
The pebble-stones of Faith fly always right.

Meditat. 57.

Faith is the arm of *safety*, which defends
The *Soul* from all *approaching harm*, and lends
A *sword* to fight with *Satan*, who may venter
To make a thrust or two, but cannot enter.
Gain thou this arm of Faith (my Soul,) and then
Thou mayst out-dare a Lion in his Den.

Meditat. 58.

Learn how to prize thy Faith (my Soul,) and know
She is thy only safety here below:
She is a trusty buckler to protect thee
From showres of evil, and to good direct thee.
Then rouze my *Soul*, and be not quite cast down,
Repentance brings in Faith, and Faith a Crown.

Me-

Meditat. 59.

A Crown, that's only fitting to adorn
A Princes brow; and Subjects that are born
To an inferior fortune, muſt content
Themſelves with that, which fortune freely lent.
But ah my Soul! be wiſe, and underſtand,
A heavenly Crown's not made by humane hand.

Meditat. 60.

A glorious *Crown* of Glory ſhall attend
Attentive hearts; *my Soul*, I recommend
This *Crown* to thee: conſider but the price
It coſt, and then remember *Paradiſe*:
Remember whoſe dear blood did trickle down,
Like tedious ſhowrs, to purchaſe thee this Crown.

Meditat. 61.

O boundleſs *Love!* would ſuch a *Lamb* as he
Dye for ſuch wolf-like *ſycophants* as we?
His *willing Soul* did even joy t'expreſs
This introduction to our happineſs.
His blood guſh'd out to waſh us clean within:
He ſhed it for our ſins, and yet we ſin.

Meditat. 62.

Rouze up my *Soul*, and let thy *Eagle-eyes*
Behold that *Sun* in whom thy *safety* lies:
Look well upon *him* and thou shalt discover
A *Lamb-like Patience*, and a *constant Lover*.
Admire with how much Dove-like innocence
He suffer'd death for us that gave th'offence.

Meditat. 63.

Art thou not ravish'd yet, my *Soul*? then hear,
And I will recommend unto thy ear
The willing *Passion* of that *Lamb*, which cry'd
Eloi, *Eloi*, *Eloi*, and so dy'd:
And by the vertue of his dying deed,
Our blood was stop'd, when he began to bleed.

Meditat. 64.

Man, the unhappy off-spring of that *man*
Of-*Sin*, at whose beginning we began
To fall from our first principles, and stray
From *good* to *bad*, digressing from the way
Of our assur'd *Salvation*, and exchange
A *world of pleasure* for a *world of pains*;
And by that Heaven-forbidden *taste*, reverst
The stroke of *mercy*, made us all accurst,

And

And hourly subject to his *wrath*, whose *power*
Created us, and made us little lower
Then Heav'n-bred *Angels*; till the sad *invention*
Of *Satans* malice quickned the *intentions*
Of greedy *Eve*, whose hand soon recommended
That *fruit*, which by the *Serpent* was extended,
To her beguiled *husband*, whose neglect
Of Heav'ns Commands purchas'd a dull aspect
From his revengeful *brow*, which shin'd more
Then glorious *Cynthia* in her greatest light. (bright
But ah, the cloud of *Adams* sin had made
A great eclipse: Poor *Adam* is betray'd
By his own *folly*, and condemn'd to crawl
Upon his *belly*, and gulp up the *gall*
Of his *transgressions*; Having thus offended,
He's thrown from *Paradise*, and *vili-pended*
By Heav'n: But all this while the *Serpent* sits
Ravish'd with laughter, tut'ring still his wits
To further *mischief*; having found success
In his first *enterprize*, doubts nothing less
Then what he hopes for; having thus o'rethrown
The first man *Adam*, thinks that all's his own:
But that our *God*, whose all-commanding power
Can mortifie, and quicken in one hour,
Was fill'd with *pity*, pitied *man* whose state
He saw was miserably desperate;
Began to view him with a gracious *eye*,
And invocates his sacred *Trinity*:
And thus proceeds.——

——— Have *I* made *man*? have *I*
Made wretched *man*, man made to glorifie
My *name*, and given to his thriftleſs hand
Preheminency both by Sea and Land?
And ſhall I not be honor'd? Am I not
A mindful *God*? And ſhall I be forgot
By ſlothful *man*? Have I not gave him *light*
In ſpight of *darkneſs*, and ſhall he requite
My favours thus? Nay more, have I not fram'd
And ſtamp'd him with my *Image*, and proclaim'd
A laſting greatneſs to him? And ſhall *they*
Be thus obdurate now, that were but *clay*
Before I gave them *breath*? and ſhall that *breath*
Contemn, defie, and ſcorn me to the *death*?
Is this the *honor* which I did expect
From them? Is this the *duty*? this th'*effect*
Of all my *labors*? Speak my deareſt *Son*,
What ſhall we do with *man* that hath undone
His wretched *ſelf*? My *fury* burns to be
Reveng'd on *man* for his *iniquitie*.
Break forth my reſtleſs *fury*, and devour
That loathed thing call'd *man*, give him no power
To call me *Father*; whil'ſt abuſed *I*
Will ſtop my *ears*, and ſcorn to hear him cry:
Begone, enact my pleaſure.

The *Son* reply'd; Oh ſtop! Oh ſtay, my *dear*,
My deareſt *Father*! Let thy ſacred *ear*
Stand open but one minute, that poor *man*
May ſtrive to plead, and utter what he can

for his own self. Alas my *Son*, I know
The more he strives to speak, the more he'l show
His *guilt*; And ah! what answer can he make
To angry *I*, that am resolv'd to take
Speedy *revenge*? The more he strives to clear
Himself, the more he'l make his *guilt* appear.
Begone my *fury*, run till thou art spent;
Away, away, and give my *passion* vent,
Vent it on *man*. My angry *Father*, stay
A little longer, hear what I will say
In mans behalf: Oh, is not *man* thy creature?
His *sins* are not so great, but *thou* art greater
In *mercy*: Oh be merciful, and let
(If nothing will) my *blood* discharge the debt:
I'le freely give it, may this Blood of mine
Extinguish quite those angry *flames* of thine.
Oh be appeas'd, and give me leave to strive
Against the power of *Satan*, and deprive
Him of his man-deluding power: I'le charm
His rav'ning *malice*, and withhold his *arm*
From hurting *man*: Nay, and I'le undergo
As many *sorrows*, as the world can show,
For *man* thy *Image*: Say the word, and I
Will go, nay run, for joy, that I must dye
For *mans Redemption*. Deareſt *Son*, then go,
Redeem relapsed *man*, that he may owe
An endless debt. But say, my *Son*, should he,
For whom thou dy'st, revile, dishonor thee,
And trample in thy *precious blood*, and make
That *blood* prove *poyson* to him, that should take

The venom of his sins away? I'le strive,
The *Holy Ghost* reply'd, to make *man* thrive,
And grow in grace; I'le teach him to express
No feigned, but a real thankfulness.
O Soul-transporting *Joy*! O truest *Love*
Without a *period*! O innoxious *Dove*!
Could'st thou, *thou Lamb of God*, be thus content
To step from Heav'n, and take that punishment
Upon thy *patient self*, which appertain'd
To *Heaven provoking man*, man that was stain'd
And blur'd with sin, whose spots could never be
Wash'd out (*blest Lamb*) by any but by thee?
Had'st *thou* not interpos'd, our Souls had bin
Imbowel'd in the *Ocean* of our *Sin*:
And hadst *thou* not sustain'd us, we had fell,
And swelter'd in the restless *flames* of Hell.
Hadst thou not look'd upon our sad *condition*,
And pitied us, to see what *expedition*
We made to our own *ruines*, we had lost
The *hopes* of our *Salvation*, which cost
An unknown price: 'Twas not a swelling *flood*
Of heap'd up *gold* redeem'd us, but thy *blood*,
Thy precious blood, which flow'd like hasty *tides*
In great abundance, from thy wounded *sides*.
Start from the *bed of Sin* (my *Soul*,) and run
To view the *splendor* of this glorious *Sun*:
See how *he* wrastles with the *gloomy clouds*
Of our *transgressions*; See how *he* unshrouds
Himself: On see what pains he undergoes,
To prove himself our *friend*, that were his *foes*.

Me-

Methinks I hear a throng of people cry,
Let *Barabbas* be freed, let's crucifie
This *Jewish King*; let's lead him to his *death*,
'Tis pity he should draw a minutes *breath*.
Methinks I see how his weak *hands* are bound
With twisted *cords*: Methinks I see *him* crown'd
with sharpned *thorns*: Methinks I see them, how
They worship *him* with a dissembled *bow*.
Methinks I see the *gazing people* run
To see the *glorious setting* of this *Sun*.
Methinks I see his gentle *feet* divide
Their measur'd paces, to be crucify'd.
Methinks I see how his delightful *face*
Seems to receive an *honor* by *disgrace*.
Methinks I see how his Heav'n-fixed *eyes*
Do overlook his raging *enemies*.
Methinks I see his *spear-inviting breast*
Willingly ready to receive the rest
Of their intended *malice*; How his *palms*
(Like one that gives, and not receives an alms)
Are spread abroad, which truly verifies
With what a chearful willingness he dyes.
Methinks I see how his contexed feet
Salute the *Cross*, as if they joy'd to meet
With so, so fast a *friend*. Methinks I see
With what a Heav'n-infus'd reluctancie
He entertains their blows, as if he found
A *lively comfort* in each *deadly wound*.
Methinks I see his bubbling *veins*, how they
Swell up a little, and then shrink away,

And

And hide themselves, as if they had expeſt
(For the departure of ſo warm a gueſt)
A ſecret *grief*; till conqueting *death* exil'd
Life from the *body* of that *Lamb*, that *Child*,
That *Son of God*, in whom true *joys* reſide;
Who lives by dying, and by living dy'd.

Quis miſerior quàm qui ſuam neſcit miſeriam?

DO I not dayly ſee that nothing can
Be ſo unſtable as the *ſtate* of *man?*
Do I not ſee how *fortune* can correct
Miſfortune; and as ſuddenly neglect (crown'd
Poor helpleſs *man?* Sometimes his thoughts are
With golden joys, and ſometimes kiſs the ground:
Sometimes he's fil'd with laughter, ſomtims weeps;
Sometimes he walks in ſtate, and ſomtimes creeps.
A morning joy proves ſometimes grief at night,
For fortunes dyal goes not always right.
'Tis vain, 'tis vain; and ah that I could weep
My ſelf into a deluge, and ſo ſteep
My cheeks in tears: Oh that I could imbark
My naked *Soul*, and ſwim like *Noah's* Ark
In that grand *Ocean*, which my flowing eyes
Have made, and overlook my miſeries!

Diſtemp'red

Diſtemp'red *thoughts*, why do you thus torment
My yeelding *Soul*? why does my *Soul* relent?
Why am I thus afflicted? why doth *ſorrow*
Take an advantage of my *Soul*, and borrow
Quotidian plagues, and ſtudy how to make
My heart its *Theater*? How ſhall I ſhake
Theſe coupling *fetters* from my captiv'd *heart*?
How ſhall I bid adue to *grief*, and part?
Where ſhall I run, and labor to unſnare
My breaſts inhabitant? Oh how, or where
Shall I retire my ſelf! In what ſad *place*
Shall I deplore my miſerable *caſe*?
Could I but find a place where I might dwell,
And only ſee the *Sun*, I'd bid farewel
To all *falſe pleaſures*.

For now my *Soul* ſtill hovers to and fro
From places to place: ſometimes it flies too low,
Sometimes, with more aſpiring *wings*, it flies,
And envies at *impoſſibilities*:
Then back again, and with a ſeeming *mirth*
Surveys the *center* of this flattering *Earth*,
And thus my *Soul*, being left in this ſad *being*,
Agrees in nothing elſe but *diſagreeing*:
My *ways* are pav'd with *thorns*; I take my *diet*
From *ſorrows table*, furniſh'd with *diſquiet*:
I am the principle of *grief*; my *eyes*,
Like windows, open to all *miſeries*:
My *head's* a fountain, and from thence doth flow
The headlong rivers of unbridled *woe*.

My

My sighs, like sudden storms, disturb my *rest*,
As if I had a *Boreas* in my *breast*.
Needs must I be molested in my *dreams*,
My *heart*'s the receptacle of all *streams*:
Then blame me not, if *sorrow* makes me cry;
Sum all *misfortune* up, and that am I.
But stay my *thoughts*; post not away too fast:
Extreams are dangerous, and cannot last.
A sudden *thought* hath made me to confess,
I may be happy in *unhappiness*.
And what's a *thought*? 'tis but a sudden puff;
Yet many may confound, when one's enough.
Come let's repose, and make a little stay,
Our *Sun*'s sufficient to adorn a day.
Why should I wander in the darksom *shades*
Of my own *errors*, whilest a *grief* invades
My *naked senses*? 'Tis in vain to strive
Against the *power of God*, who can contrive
What pleases him: Why shall I then repine
At what he sends? Can *wretched I* confine
His *will* to mine? Oh no; He suffers well,
Whose *sufferings* tell him there's no other *Hell*
But in this *world*: Who would not then endure
Terrestrial torment, that he may procure
Celestial pleasures? *Sorrow* brings no *loss*
To him whose *patience* can sustain a *cross*.
Hereafter I will labor to prevent
A little Sorrow by a great Content.

Surgit poſt nubila Phœbus.

WHen *gloomy clouds* ſurround the *lofty skie*
It is an argument a *ſtorm* is nigh:
But when the *Sun*'s eclipſed from our ſight,
We muſt not judg an *everlaſting night*
Will then enſue: 'Tis danger to diſtruſt
A *God* that is ſo *merciful*, ſo *juſt*.
The greateſt *ſin* that *Satan* can declare
Againſt a *guilty Soul*, is *ſad deſpair*.
What though the *clouds of Earth* ſhall interpoſe
Betwixt a *Soul* and *Heaven*? the wind blows
Not always in one place; one *happy hour*
May breed a *calm*, and qualifie a *ſhowre*.
Some greedy *Lawyers*, when their *Clyents ſtock*
Is almoſt ſpent, rewards him with a *mock*:
The *Counſellor of Heav'n* gives more content
To a poor *ſinner*, when his *breath* is ſpent:
Accepts the *will*, although his *tongue* be mute;
He ſeldom keeps him ſeven years in a *ſuite*:
He's free in *mercy*, and he takes delight
To end a *ſuite*, when *ſorrow* makes it right:
God is not like to them that take a pride
In others *griefs*: when *tears* begin to ſlide,
His *mercy* falls; he cannot brook delay,
But meets a *ſinners language* half the way.
His *ears* are always open to let in
A *ſinners prayers*, when he lets out his *ſin*.

What

What though I have transgrest, what tho my *crimes*
Appear like *mountains*? mountains oftentimes
Sink lower, nay, and God can pardon all
As well as one: for be they *great* or *small*,
They all are *sins*: *shrubs* grow as well as *trees*;
Gods mercy will admit of no *degrees*.
He that distrusts his *God*, shall always find
A *clouded conscience*, and a *stormy mind*.
Seven days had run, before God had attyr'd
The *World* with *order*, yet he was not tyr'd:
And shall we then expect to climb so high
As *Heav'n*, in half an hour, or else deny
So blest a labour? No, *perhaps to day*
We keep the road, to morrow lose the way.

Contenta vita est summa fœlicitas.

WHat is this *world*? A looking-glass, wherein
We see the *body*, nay the *face* of *Sin*.
What's *Wealth*? what's *Honor*? Transitory *toys*.
What's *Mirth*? what's *Pleasure*? Melancholy *joys*.
Honor is *Envy's* object; *Riches*, they
Are but the *subjects* of a *frowning day*.
Beauty's a slave to *Time*, and fond *delight*
Teaches the *morning* how to fool the *night*.

Were

Were I a *Midas*, could my *towers of Wealth*
Protect my *person*, or preserve my *health*?
Were I a *Cæsar*, could my *honors* save
My crazy *carkass* from the gaping *grave*?
Were I as fair as *Venus*, could my *beauty*
Acquit me from that necessary duty
I owe to *change*? If so, I'd honor *pleasure*,
And hug my *honor*, and rejoyce in *treasure*.
If I had *riches*, they might make me fly
Upon the wings of *prodigality*.
If I had *honor*, that might make me dance
Ambition a *Corranto*, and advance
My self above my self: If *beauty* were
At my command, then might I chance t'insnare
The *wantons* of the *world*; nay, and intice
Vertue to change it self into a *vice*.
Now tell me *Earth*, where are those *smooth delights*
Thou often boasts of? are thy *golden nights*
Chang'd into *leaden days*? Oh tell me then!
Why dost thou so befool the *sons of men*?
Who, following thee, consume their precious *time*,
And are at last rewarded with a *crime*.

Content, that well-advised word imports
A Crown of Happiness: All joy resorts
Into the *palace* of a blest *content*,
And there resides.
Content is golden ey'd, and can behold
A *dunghill* with as much respect as *gold*.
Content's a Jewel; but here lies the *art*,
Which way to hang it in a *restless heart*.

Much

Much have I heard of that *rich stone*, which all
Are pleas'd t'entitle, *Philosophical*;
And *Fame* reports, that many *wits* have try'd,
T'obtain it, and before obtain'd it, dy'd,
And lost their *eager hopes*; nay, what is worse,
Left a rich *study*, but a poorer *purse*:
And to conclude, *experience* made it known,
Had they not lost Content, they'd found the Stone.

Pax una triumpha est.

PEace is the life of *Happiness*, and *Strife*
A living *Death* unto a dying *Life*:
Envy's the *child* of *Srife*, and pregnant *Peace*
Is an indulgent *Mother*, whose encrease
Adorns the Earth: *Peace* is a *Turtle Dove*,
Compos'd of nothing but the *purest Love*.
What's *martial triumph*, but a little blaze,
Which now aspires, and by and by decays?
What *triumph* is't, to see the *shivered bones*
Of *breathless men*, and hear th'*impetuous groans*
Of those whose *feeble tongues* invite a *death*
To dispossess them of their *loathed breath*?
Sad are th'effects of *War*; and yet this age
Esteems not *Peace*, but lets *Contention* rage
Into a *madness*: Oh unhappy *State*,
Where *Strife's* desir'd too soon, & *Peace* too lat

Soul-calming *Peace*, and heart-corroding *Strife*
Live here like *Factors*, both for *death* and *life*.
It is a sacred *Jubilee*, to hear
Soft-breathing *Peace*, chanting in every ear
Rare strains of *Heav'n-bred raptures*, which ex-
Full *Diapasons* of our *happiness*: (press
But 'tis a *dying life* to see, that *bliss*
Should, by a *hellish metamorphosis*, (tion,
Be thus transhap'd to *Strife*: There's no *preven-*
Abused *Peace* perverts into *contention*.
And can the *Diamond* of *Amity*,
If once dissevered in pieces, be
Compos'd again? *Experience* makes us find,
'Tis quickly broken, but not quickly joyn'd.
Oh *Peace*! Can we expect thy blest *return*,
If we, whose flaming envies dayly burn
Thy name within the *Ætna's* of our breasts,
Do make thee subject to our vile detests?
'Tis often seen, *Cantharides* do dwell
Upon the *fairest Rose*, whose pleasing smell
Delights the *sense*: It may be truly said,
Envy, that base *Cantharides*, hath laid
It self upon the *Roses* of our *Peace*,
And rob'd us of a liberal *encrease*.
Have not our eyes in former times beheld
The fruits of *Peace*? have not our *Souls* been fil'd
With *heav'nly pleasures*, and our grasping hands
Gather'd the *plenty* of our *peaceful Lands*?
Did not the painful *husbandman* bestow
His *labors* with a *cheerful brow*, and sow

The *often-furrowed earth?* But now, ah now,
Intruding *Mars* molests the active *plough!*
And have not we by sad *experience* found
Contentious *Mars* plows *bodies*, & not *ground?*
O miserable *tillage!* This will bring
A bloody *Harvest*, and as bad a *Spring*.
See smiling *Bacchus*, with his brim-fill'd *bowls*,
Would tempt us to carouze away our *Souls*.
Mars with a palled look proclaims an end
To all our *pastimes*: *Sorrow* knows no friend.
Mars thunders, *Bacchus* smiles, and *Cupid* cries,
Envy survives, *Truth* pines, and *Friendship* dies.
Peace flies her *Country*, and with *discontent*
Bemoans our *sorrows*, and her *banishment*.
And thus we tumble in our own *confusion*;
A bad beginning findes a bad conclusion.

A DISCOURSE between the *SOUL* and *WORLD*.

HOw now ſad *Soul*; from whence proceeds (thoſe *clouds* *Wo.*
Which ſtill eclipſe my *fancy* thus, & ſhrouds
Thy *ſplendent glory*? what *contentious Fate*
Hath bred *diſturbance* in thy *quiet State*?
Tell me, come tell me, that my *ſtudious care*
May be imploy'd to ſerve thee: Why, or where
Art thou oppreſt? Come, never fear to tell
Thy *grief* to me, thou know'ſt I love thee well.
Oh I am ſick, canſt thou be my *Phyſician*? *So.*
I can, ſick *Soul*: Come tell me thy *condition*. *Wo.*
Draw nearer then, for ah my *ſpirits* fail; *So.*
I'm ſick becauſe I know not what I ail.
If thou art ſick, and canſt not find thy *grief*, *Wo.*
How canſt thou be a *ſuitor* to *relief*?
Were it a *ſingle ſorrow* that oppreſt *So.*
My *Wearied mind*, 'twere eaſily expreſt;

But when *pluralities* ſhall circumvent
A troubled *mind*, how can that mind have vent?

Wo. Come, leave theſe vain *exordiums*, let my ear
Be heir to thy *diſcourſe*, I long to hear;
Conceal not that, which if reveal'd may bring
A remedy: Come, tell me what's the thing
That thus corrodes thy *breſt*; 'tis I alone
Muſt give thy heart *refreſhment*, or elſe none.

So. Alas, fond *World!* how juſtly may I ſtile
Thy help a hinderance, thy treaſures vile!
What *anſwer* ſhall I now retort, that may
Expreſly ſatisfie? I cannot ſay
What I deſire; for when I ſtrive to ſpeak,
My *paſſion* grows too ſtrong, my *tongue* too weak;
My numerous *pains* infatuate my *wit*.

Wo. Piſh, this is but a *melancholly fit*:
Clear up thy clouded *thoughts*, ſuch *fits* as theſe
Are incident to all: learn to appeaſe
Thy inſtigating *paſſion*, and adviſe
With me; I'le make thee well, I'le make thee wiſe:
My bounteous *treaſure* ſhall increaſe thy *ſtore*
With great abundance: Come, let's have no more
Of theſe thy *petulant diſcourſes*, be
Preſcrib'd by none *(dear Soul)* except by me;
I'le cure thy pain. *Sou:* Fond *World*, forbear
To urge my *reſolution*, or inſnare
My yeelding ſpirits; let thy language be
Reſerv'd for them that will be tool'd by thee:
Thy *elevating joys*, which did before
Inrich my *vacant ſenſes*, make them poor:

And now I find the *greateſt plague* that can
Concomitate poor *miſerable man*,
Is to be happy. *Wor:* That's a *paradox*,
Is happineſs a *crime?*
Miſtake me not, raſh fool, for my *pretence* *So.*
Is good, if not corrupted by the *ſence*
You take it in: For tell me, what canſt thou
Inſinuating *wretch* vouchſafe t'allow,
That will perpetuate? haſt thou the power
T'aſſure a *happineſs* for one half hour?
If ſo, I will obſequiouſly confine
My ſelf to thy *directions*, and be thine.
I tell thee *Soul*, thy *fancy* thus diſtu[illegible] *Wo.*
Will ruinate thy *ſenſes*, if not curb'd.
Convince thy ſelf, and be not thus averſe
To *Reaſon*; after *folly* comes a *curſe*.
But what is this to my *demands?* I ſee *So.*
Thou lov'ſt to hear thy ſelf declare, not me.
Anſwer to my *objections*, then I'le reſt,
A quiet *Soul*, in a reſolved *breſt*.
O that I were ſo bleſt to know the *ſtate* *Wo.*
Of thy condition. *Sou:* Wilt thou ſtill deviate,
And ramble from thy text? *Wor:* Believe't dear
There is no friend more ſtrongly can condole *ſoul*
Thy weakneſs, then my ſelf; I ſympathize,
And truly grieve for thy *infirmities*:
Witneſs theſe falling *tears*; Oh, may't be known,
Sick *Soul*, I weep thy *ſorrows*, not mine own:
Sorrow forbids my gentle lips to ſmile;
For ah I am: *Soul:* A woful *crocodile*:

I, I, a woful *Exile*. *Wor:* For thy sake
I'le suffer *thousand griefs*, and undertake
Ten thousand more, that I at last may prove
How much I've merited thy *truest love*.

So. What *voyce* is this that penetrates my *ear*?
What do I hear, or do I seem to hear?
Or is't a *dream*? *Wor:* No, no, (blest *Soul*) 'tis true,
'Tis I that suffer these *extreams* for you.

So. Reserve thy *tears*: Alas! I did but try
Thy *love*, and now I find th'art *Constancy*
It self: But tell me *World*, wilt thou content
My greedy mind with *Wealth*? when that is spent
Will't give me more? and when that more is gone
Wilt thou be sure to heap one bag upon
Another? Wilt thou make me to out-vy
The sons of men in *prodigality*?
Dost hear me World? *Wor:* I do, and I am sore
Oppress't, because thou canst not ask no more:
Honour, *Wealth*, *Dignities*, and all shall stand,
Like *subjects* proud, to kiss their *Princes* hand.
I'le hug thee in mine arms, and thou shalt sleep
In *gold surrounded beds*: whil'st others weep
At *fortunes gates*, upon their *bended knees*,
Thou, thou shalt sit and read *sad Elegies*,
Imprinted on their *meagre cheeks*; I, I,
These are true *symptomes* of *Eternity*.
What, melancholy yet? cannot these *charms*
Induce thee to my *Soul-inviting arms*? (*Sures*
Speak *Soul*, are these not *joys*? are these not *plea-*
To be imbrac'd? speak, are not these rare *treasures*?

Base

Baſe *World*, th'art truly baſe; now I perceive *So.*
Thy lab'ring *policy* is to deceive.
What, didſt thou think my *heart* begun to dote,
When I, to make a *concord*, chang'd my *note?*
Oh no, *vile varlet*; no, I did but try
Thy *craft*, by learning what thou wouldſt reply
To my *demands*: Divineſt language could
Move no *reply*, when baſer language would:
But now thou *nothing*, made of nothing, know,
Th'aſt loſt a *friend* by me, and found a *foe*.
Here I declare my ſelf, and do proteſt
Before *juſt Heav'n*, that whileſt I live poſſeſt
Of *vital breath*, I will employ my *heart*
T'oppoſe thy *flatt'ring folly*; for thou art
A perjur'd *Traytor* to the *Souls* divine
And ſacred *Majeſty*, and wilt incline
Thy *ears* to nothing but to *antick tricks*,
And call'ſt *divine thoughts*, *melancholly fits*.
And ſo farewel, falſe *Traytor*; now 'tis known,
The more we are thine, the leſs we are our own.
And is this all? *Son:* 'Tis all. *Wor:* Then *Soul* adue. *Wo.*
Oh may I ne'r prove falſe, till thou prov'ſt true. *So.*

A DISCOURSE between the SOUL and FAITH.

So. *Faith*, can thy hand protect me? can thy art
Prescribe a *cordial* for a fainting heart?
Hast thou the skill to settle my *belief*,
And arm my *Soul* against the *darts* of *grief*?

Fa. I have the *Art* (sad Soul,) hadst thou the *power*
T'imbrace *belief*, to bring thee to the *Bower*,
The *fragrant Bower* of *pleasure*, which shall be
Perfum'd and deckt with blest *Eternitie*.

So. I do beleeve, and my *belief* torments
My *mind* with millions of sad *discontents*.
I do believe what ever *Heav'n* devis'd,
Then judg, oh judg, how I am *Tantaliz'd*!

Fa. Oh know (mistaking Soul) such *faith* we call
By the sad name of *Diabolical*.

So. Oh strange, oh sad, oh miserable *case*!
Has *Faith* rob'd *Janus* of his double face?
Doth not the *sacred Volumn* end this strife,
And bids *believe*, and have *eternal life*?

Fa. Th'*eternal tenants* of th'*infernal lake*,
Believe and tremble too, but can partake

Of

Of nothing but their *torments*, and obtain
Nothing, except th'*enlargement* of their *pain*.
How comes it then to pass, if they beleeve, *So.*
They're not rewarded, but must always grieve
In *utter darkness*? Is their *faith* so strong
T'acknowledg *God*, & yet they know him wrong?
They acknowledg *God* in *Justice*, but have run *Fa.*
Beyond *his mercy*, and despis'd his *Son*:
Their *faith* prevails but only to inthrall
Their Souls, because 'tis not *Salvifical*.
But tell me *Faith*, how may I learn to know, *So.*
Whether thou art *salvifical* or no?
Examine well thy self, then go and pry *Fa.*
Into the sacred *Scriptures*; let thine *eye*
Peruse with *diligence*, and let thy *pray'rs*
Sail towards the *port* of *Heav'n* in swelling *tears*
Then thou wilt find, how dearly *God* will own
A *Soul* that sings a *penitential tone*.
But when I strive and struggle to express *So.*
My self in *prayer*, I find a *dubiousness*.
It is a happiness oft-times to doubt *Fa.*
A *happiness*: ——

How oft did *David* (Gods delight) cry out,
My God, my *glorious God*, oh why, oh why,
Hast *thou* forsaken me, and dost deny
The spreading *splendor* which was wont to shine
And glimmer on this doubtful *Soul* of mine?
Be serious, *Soul*, and let thy *thoughts* reflect
On *Gods indulgency*, and thy *neglect*.

How

How often hath he with his dewy *locks*
Attended thee, and with redoubled *knocks*
Desir'd, nay beg'd an *entrance*, to impart
Love-sick *expressions* to thy wilful *heart* ?
And *ah* ! how willingly hath he delated
His *dear affections* to thee, and not hated
To call thee his own *Image*, nay his *Dove* ?
(Oh streaming Fountain of Eternal Love !)
How hath he lab'red, with a *watchful eye* ?
To woo thee to his *blest Eternity* ?

So. But tell me then, if I am thus, thus dear
Unto *my GOD*, why will *my GOD* not hear
My *morning sorrows*, and my *midnight moans*,
And stop the *revolutions* of my *groans* ;
But let my poor *Astræa* fly in vain
To his high *Altar*, and return again
Unanswer'd ? Ah, what *over-awing Rod*
Smarts like the *silence* of an *angry GOD* ?

Fai. (Distemp'red *Soul*) oh do not thou become
(Because thy *GOD* seems deaf unto thee) dumb ;
Reverberate the *portals* of his *ears*
With thy *complaints*, and let thy *vocal tears*
Invite an *audience* ; urge him by the force
Of his own language, *Heav'n* cannot divorce
Himself from his own words ; oh, let him know
Thou hast his *sacred Promises* to show (*Earth*
For what thou dost : Tell him, that *Heav'n* and
Shall pass away, but the delightful *birth*
Of his *pathetical expressions* shall
Be *heirs* unto *Eternity* ; go call

Himself

Himself to witness for himself; be bold
To tell him to his face, thou hast layd hold
Upon his *promises*; tell him thou art
A *whole*, a *broken*, and a *contrite heart*:
Tell him th'art heavy loaden, and oppress,
And crav'st th'*enjoyment* of a *happy rest*:
What though thy *querelous desires* at first
Seem to be frivolous, and slightly nurst?
Detract not thou, but be progressive still,
And not too *retrograte*, but let thy will
Attend his *pleasure*; is't not fit that *he*
Should be attended, that attended *thee*?
What if he still denies? thou art but paid (made.
With that dull *Coin* which thine own *sins* have
Hath he not waited at the *brazen walls*
Of thy *regardless breast*, us'd many *calls*,
Nay many thousands, and hath dayly knock'd,
And found the *nurs'ry* of thy ears still lock'd
And bar'd against him? 'Twas enough to turn
Patience into an *Extasie*, and burn
The strongest *Resolution*, and incite
Vengeance to make an *everlasting night*.
Oh think on this *(blest Soul)* and be content,
Good actions seldom want a goood event.

Another

Another DISCOVRSE Between the SOVL and FAITH.

So. I'M *full*, and yet ſeem *empty*; I have ſtore
Of *Earths delectables*, and yet I'm poor;
I have what e're my rav'nous *thoughts* require,
And yet I want in having my *deſire*;
I eat delicious *food*, drink ſparkling *wine*,
Enjoy my *ſelf*, and yet I am not mine;
I am the *worlds delight*, I am the *child*
Of pregnant *fortune*, yet I am revil'd:
And what external *happineſs* can be
Thought worth *imbracement*, is imbrac'd by me.
Since all theſe *Joys* are heap'd upon my back,
I fain would know what 'tis I ſeem to lack.

Fa. Thy wants are ſoon expreſt (dull *Soul*) I know
Who wants my *helpful hand*, wants *power* to go.
Oh what an eaſie matter tis to find
A *ſtuffd-up body*, and an *empty mind*!
Grief reſts within the *centre* of that *breſt*,
That knows not what is *worſt*, nor what is *beſt*;
But ſtill looks downwards on this *dunghil earth*,
That alienates the *Soul*, and breeds a *dearth*

Within

Within that sacred *Essence*, that divine
And glorious *Monarchy*: Who can define
Th'inchanting *Raptures*, and th'emperious *Joys*
Of sublimated *Heav'n*, that toyls for *toys*?
Thou sayst th'art *full*, yet *empty*; thou hast store
Of *Earths delectables*, and yet art poor:
'Tis true, th'art *full*; but tell me whence proceeds
That *fulness*, say, what *charitable deeds*
Hast thou perform'd; oh learn (frail *Soul*) t'ex-
Too great a fulness breeds an emptiness. (press,
Experience tells thee, there is nothing worse
Then *slighted mercy* turn'd into a *curse*.
Thou say'st, th'enjoyst what e'r thy *mind* requires
And yet thou want'st in having thy *desires*;
Thou eat'st, thou drink'st, and hast the *worlds con-*
To be her *darling*, yet art not content. (*sent*
'Tis true, he wants, whose *fulness* wants *desire*
To want that *fulness* which his *wants* require.
What though the *world* accumulates *increase*?
There's no *content*, when *Heav'n* denies a *Peace*.
If Heav'ns blest mouth proclaim'd *no peace should* So
Unto the wicked; what's become of me, (be
Who always liv'd to *sin*, and sin'd to dye!
Oh miserable, miserable I!
'Tis true, *GOD* will not suffer *Peace* t'arise Fa
Unto the *wicked*, yet that *GOD* denies
A *Sinners death*, and by a free *consent*
Promis'd a *pardon*, with this word, *Repent*:
'Tis a persisting *Sinner* must expect
A sad *reward*, for a perform'd *neglect*.

Then

So. Then what must I expect? have I not run
(Even from the *rising*, to the *setting Sun*)
In paths of *negligence*, and still persisted,
And rather back'd a *sinner*, then resisted
The power of *sin*? Oh how can I obtain,
Or *thoughts*, or *hopes* to be reclaim'd again?

Fa. The *mouth* of *Heav'n* did never yet divide
His *language* thus: My *Soul* shall not abide
A *penitent offendor*; no, his *breath*
Speaks better things, then the lamented *death*
Of those, who though they have in former times
Been permanent in their unbosom'd *crimes*;
Yet when the *sense* of their *transgression* brings
Abundant *sorrow*, then *Jehovah* sings
Rare *strains* of *mercy* to their *Souls*, and pours
His *endless mercy* down in liberal *showres*.

So. And is our *GOD* so *merciful*, so *just*
To lep'rous *Souls*? and shall not my *Soul* trust
In such a never-failing *GOD*? Shall I
Retort a *no*, when *he* proclaims an *I*?
Oh no, Ile take what he shall give, and then (*men.*
When *Heav'n* proclaims, my *tongue* shall say *A-*
For 'tis thy *Christ*, thy *Love*, thy *Son* must ease us.

Fa. *Follow me Soul, Ile lead thee to thy Jesus.*

Penetrant

Penetrant Suſpiria Cœlum.

ARe *ſighs* ſo prevalent, that they can be
Admitted to the *ears* of *Majeſtie?*
Is *Heav'n* ſo weak, or *ſighs* ſo ſtrong, that they
Can make an *on-ſet*, and enforce their *way*
Unto the *ears* of *GOD?* Can *ſighs* perſwade
That *Lamb* to *mercy*, that our *ſins* betray'd?
Can roaring *Lions* meet, and can they part
Without a *combate?* Can a *lep'rous heart*
Meet *God*, and think t'out-brave him in his *Sion?*
(Our ſins are *Lions*, yet our *God's* a *Lion.*)
And what's a *ſigh?* 'tis but a blaſt of wind
Blown from the *center* of a *ſtormy mind:*
And can the *ayr* of one poor *ſigh* aſpire
So high as *Heaven?* ——

——Ah, *ſighs* can never tire
In ſuch a *progreſs*; though they be but *ayr*,
Yet they condenſe within the ſacred ear
Of *nurſing Majeſty*, who hears the ſound
Of wel-ſpent *groans*, and takes them at the bound.
Sighs are like *morning Larks*; ſometimes they fly
And chatter *praiſes* to the *bluſhing skie*,
Then wearied with their *flights*, dart down amain,
Longing to repoſſeſs the *earth* again.
So *ſighs* (the Souls beſt *oratory*) fly
To the *Interpreter* of *groans*, who'le not deny

To

To hear the *hearts embassage*, but delights
To see *souls* (wingd with *sighs*) to take such flights
But, when our *hearts* are loaded with the *cares*
Of this *vile earth*, and sigh themselves to *tears*,
Oh then he stops his *ears*, and makes them know
Their *sighs* are earthly, and they fly too low;
Nor can they reach the *suburbs* of his *ear*,
Unless they mount into a *higher sphere*.
Then let thy well-directed *sighs*, my *Soul*,
Mount upwards still, that there they may condole
Thy *ev'ning sorrow*, and thy *morning grief*:
Then they'l (like *Doves*) return, and bring *relief*
Unto thy *floating heart*, and thou shalt find
The *operations* of a *sigh*; thy *mind*
Shall purge it self; thrice happy's thy *condition*,
Sighs are good physick, when Heav'n is Physician.

Roganti dabitur.

WHo would not be a *Begger*, that may crave
Upon such easie terms, but *ask*, and *have*?
Here's *swelling bounty*, and sure this must be
No *humane*, but a *divine charitie*:
Here well-instructed *Poverty* may live,
He that gives power to ask, hath power to give.
The *greatest gift* that ever yet was known,
Was freely given, being ask'd by none.

And

And *he* that gave't hath many gifts in ſtore;
(Many give once, becauſe they'l give no more.)
But *he* who gave that *gift*, will not refrain
(If wiſely ask'd) to give us *gifts* again.
And if a heart-recording gift we make
Of this, his giving teaches us to take.
Be it ordain'd, that *begging* be an *art*,
Heav'n loves a *giving hand*, a *begging heart*.
But let us reſt a little; here's the *taſk*,
Heav'n knows to *give*, we know not how to *aſk*.
Methinks I hear ſome *multiloquious fool*
Make this *reply*, What, muſt I go to *ſchool*,
And learn to *beg*? I'm skilful to require,
If *Heav'n* would ſuit his *gifts* to my deſire.
Let *fools* delight in *folly*, let them think
That men are blind, becauſe they ſee them wink.
Others methinks reply, Have we not cry'd
To *Heav'n* for *bleſſings*, and have been deny'd?
Have not our early voyces been extended
To *Heav'n*, and yet our labors *vili-pended*?
Is this th'effect of *pray'r*? are theſe the *gains*
That we were largely promis'd for our *pains*?
Go ſilly *Souls*, and do not thus conteſt (*beſt*
With *him* that knows what's *worſt*, and what is
Ye know not what ye ask; your *fond deſires*,
If granted to, may breed ſuch *flaming fires*
Within your greedy *breſts*, and ſo torment
Your *hearts* with millions of ſad *diſcontent*:
Then may ye know that true *diſcretion* lies
As well in asking, as in giving wiſe.

And solid *hearts* will labor first to know
What's fit for their *desires*, and then they'l sow
Their *pray'rs* in such a *soil* as shall encrease
Their stock of Grace, and everlasting Peace.

Pulsanti aperietur.

KNock, and it shall be open'd; here's an *art*
Requires the *labors* of a studious *heart*:
It is an easie action, some suppose,
Because it commonly consists of blows.
Here's a *mysterious knock*; 'tis not the *hand*
Of flesh and blood can knock, or *tongue* command
The *gates* to move; 'tis not Saint *Peter's* keys
Can turn the *lock*, except the *Landlord* please.
Heaven's a well-ordered *family*, whose gate
Opens not soon to them that knock too late:
But those, whose early labors shall implore
To have *admittance* at that sacred *door*,
Must well instruct their *hearts*, and have a *care*,
First learning how to knock, and after, where.
How happy's he, that really can say,
Go take thy rest (my Soul) th'ast knock'd to day!
He's happy, that can speak such words as these,
Open the door (my Soul) thou hast the keys.
How happy's he, that by a *faithful knock*
Can make the yeelding Gates of *Heav'n* unlock?

Pray'rs

Pray'rs are the keys of *Heav'n*, the melting doot
Is *mercy*, that lets in and out the ſtore.
Faith is the golden key, which gives us all
A ſpeedy *entrance* to the *ſpacious Hall:*
But we muſt open (or elſe not come there)
The *gate of Mercy* with the *key of Pray'r:*
Go then, my *Soul*, into ſome private place,
Unlock thy *heart*, and when unlock'd, abaſe
Thy ſelf before the Throne of *Heav'n*, and fly
Unto the Temple of *Divinity*.
Go knock thy *heart* out; if that will not do,
Say, *Heaven's* grown deaf, or elſe thy heart's not true.
Caſt off the thred-bare *garments* of thy *ſin*, (true.
Thy *pray'rs* will melt the *gates*, and let thee in:
The *Governor of Heav'n* will not refuſe
To give an *audience* to ſuch welcome news;
Nor can he be ungrateful, or neglect
To crown thy *labors* with a true *reſpect:*
Then tune thy *heart*, and teach it to expreſs
Full *Diapaſons* of true thankfulneſs: (knock,
And grant (dear God) when my poor *Soul* ſhall
That my unworthy key may fit thy lock.

AN

ELEGIE

Upon that Son of Valor *Sir CHARLS LUCAS*;

Who was ſhot to Death by the Command of the Counſel of War, before *COLCHESTER*.

To all thoſe that love the memory of Sir Charls Lucas.

Reader,

WHen my ſerious thoughts reflected upon the *Death* of ſo worthy a *perſon*, I could not but *privately* deplore ſo *publique a loſs*; and being importuned by his *virtues*, and my own *ſorrow*, I gave my *pen* the priviledg (aſſiſting it with the uttermoſt of my power) to compoſe this *Elegious Poem* upon his *Death*, which I cannot expect will be conſonant to all *humors*, but only to *them* that love *Loyalty*. (*Reader*) I ſhall deſire thee to let the ſtrength of thy *goodneſs* pardon the weakneſs of *him* that is

His Kings, his Countries, and Thine,

JOHN QUARLES.

AN

AN ELEGY.

I Cannot hold, the Laws of *Nature* break
The Laws of *Reason*, and my *Cisterns* leak.
Pardon my tears *(oh Heav'n)* and let thy pow'r
Subdue my *grief*, and mitigate this *showre*:
Restore me to *my self*, and let my *Quill*
Weep for me; let it weep until it fill (flow
Whole *volumes* with sad tears, tears that may
From *age* to *age*, that all the *world* may know
It weeps for him, whose never-dying name
Gives golden feathers to the wings of fame.
But is it requisite that I alone
Should storm so great a work as this, and none
Invok'd t'assist me? *Sorrow hates delay*;
Oh hear my hasty *call*, and come away,
Ye *grief-supporting Muses*, here is that
Will sublimate your *senses*; ask not what
It is, for fear, left *melancholly I*,
Ravish'd with what I speak, should faint and dye.
Times *full-mouth'd Herauld* will exactly tell
How *Death* hath rambled from his misty *Cell*,
And with presumptuous *violence* hath shot
A *Star*, whose *fall* will never be forgot.

Then rouze your down-cast *spirits*, now, or never,
Shake off your *slumbers*, or repose for ever:
Lucas has conquer'd *Death*, he's gone to keep
An *everlasting Sabbath*, and to sleep
In *Abrahams* bosom: *Ah, methinks this breath*
Should re-invite you from the shades of *Death*
To weep his *obsequies*; but if there's none
Will be invok'd, my *Muse* shall walk alone
Into the *Wilderness of grief*, and there
Condole this *loss*, till *sorrow* wants a tear.
Have I betray'd my self? Am I o'retaken
With *folly*? Or has *Reason* quite forsaken
The *kingdom* of my mind? If he be bleft,
How dare my tears thus interrupt his reft?
Oh *Times!* Oh *Manners!* Is the world grown
Some I behold rejoycing; others sad (mad?
As *grief* can make them: Sure we have forgot
To sympathize, or else why weep we not,
Or smile together? Has *Death* got the power
To make us *weep*, and *smile* within an hour?
Smile they that please, mine eyes cannot forbear,
For every *smile* of theirs, to shed a *tear*.
Come real-hearted *Mourners*, and incline
Your *ear* to my sad story, and confine
Your selves to *sorrow*, sorrow that shall need
No *definition*: if your hearts can bleed,
Now, now, they shall; and may that barren *eye*
That will not weep, prove blind, or always dry:
And they that can, and will not now let fall
Some tears, have hard *hearts*, or no *hearts* at all.

Lucas (rare Soul) oh that my *tongue* might dwell
Upon thy *name*; 'twas *thou* that didſt excell
The world in *Martial Valor*: He that can
Forget thy *name*, forgets to be a *Man*.
'Tis *death* to ſay th'art *dead*; Thou canſt not dye:
If thou art *dead*, there's no *Eternity*.
Thou liv'ſt in ſpite of *Death*, yet I condole
Thy *murther'd body*; but I'm ſure thy *Soul*
Lives above *envy*, where it ſhall be bleſt
In ſpite of *thoſe*, whoſe wiſdoms thought it beſt
To put a period to thy *days*, and bring
Joy to themſelves, and ſorrow to their *King*.
Diſcreetly done, and ſure this Act muſt be
Recorded in the Rouls of Infamie,
That after Ages, when they do behold,
May bluſh, what noble Deeds were done of old.
Say *Tyrants*, ſay, was't not a ſhameful ſtrife
To ſend a *Death*, after a promis'd *Life*?
If this be *Mercy*, Heav'n protect us all
From ſuch a *Mercy*, ſo *tyrannical*.
If this be *Juſtice*, may ſuch Juſtice have
A *Hell* to act in, or at leaſt a *Cave*.
What had he acted that could contradict
The Laws of *Juſtice*? Search, and be as ſtrict
As *policy* can make you, all ye can
Impute, was this, he was a *valiant man*,
Who lov'd his *King*, and undertooke to play
A *noble Game*, wherein his *honor* lay
At *ſtake*; what would you have a Gameſter do?
Should he ſurrender up a *game* to *you*

Without contending? Such a *high-bred shame*
Had left a *blur* within his spotless *name*?
I tremble at my thoughts, I cannot hold,
My *quill* must run, ye can but term me bold,
As ye are *tyrannous*: In former times,
Boldness in truths were pardonable crimes.
How could ye chuse but tremble when ye nam'd
His *death*, whom *honor* and the *world* had fam'd?
Such deeds as these we needs must discommend,
Y'ave *murther'd* your own *honors*, and our *friend.*
How could ye chuse but blush to see him stand
Undaunted at your *tragical command*?
How could ye chuse but fly, when he was fled,
T'imbrace his *death*, and *dye* when he was *dead*?
How could your *will-obeying slaves* let fly
A *bullet* at his *breast*, and they not *dye*?
Why dy'd they not, when as they went about
To make those *holes*, whereat his *Soul flew out*?
Mars frown'd when he observ'd what ye had done,
And perpetrated on his *deareſt Son*:
And thus declares; *If any mortal shall*
Dare to *intitle*, or presume to *call*
Such *Rabshecha's* his *Sons*, that they shall be
All voted *Traytors* to his *Majestie*:
The *Muses*, they complain, and are agreed
To vindicate his *death*, and ever feed
Upon his *virtues*, and will never more
Smile on your *actions*, but will still deplore
Their *lost-love Lucas*; and the *Earth* shall ring
With *Ecchoes* of his *praise*, that lov'd his *King*,

Apollo

Apollo weeps, and ſays, ye have forgot
To cheriſh *virtue*, or ye love it not:
And to the world he'l fully make it known
In his deſtruction, ye have overthrown
Your *home-bred honors*: Now my *Muſe* retire
And gather breath; 'tis wiſdom to enquire
Which way to take our *progreſs*; we muſt know
Whither to *go*, as well as how to *go*:
The paths of *death* are darkſom, and we may
Plead an excuſe, if we have gone aſtray:
Errors in *grief* are incident to all
That truly ſolemnize a *funeral*.
But ſtay my *quill*, 'tis not my task to grave
Excuſes, but to treat upon a *grave*,
A *grave* within whoſe *ſullen boſom* lies
A *Jem*, contemn'd by thoſe that could not prize
So rare a piece, within whom was repos'd
Virtue and *honor*, for he was compos'd
Of both: (*Kind Reader*) know, that *Lucas* had
A *Magazin* of worth; his Soul was clad
With *robes* of innocency, and his heart
So ſworn to *honor*, that it could not ſtart
From *noble Exerciſes*, though attended
With troops of *dangers*, dangers that portended
A thouſand *deaths*: his *wiſdom* could deſcry
Both *life* and *death* with a contented *eye*:
Life was his Jewel, yet he did not prize
That *life* at ſuch a rate, as to deſpiſe
A *noble Death*; he labor'd to expreſs
To both a very equal willingneſs.

He

He knew his *life* was lent him to maintain
The rights of *Majesty*, and to regain
Those just *prerogatives*, which do belong
To *CHARLS*, who patiently sustains the wrong.
His *Soul* was undivided, and could never
Ramble from *Loyalty*; his whole endeavor
Was to advance that *Cause* wherein he stood
Engag'd, and *dy'd it with his crimson blood.*
Since thus he *liv'd*, since thus he *dy'd*, oh then
Let's imitate so *good a life*; and when
We hear the sad relation of his *Death*,
Let's learn to *dye*: Let them that live by *breath*
Examine his *brave actions*, and they'l find
He had a rare militia in his mind.
But stoutest *Lions* are at last o'rethrown
By *Natures Laws*; for *Nature* needs must own
Her *principles*: our earthen *vessels* must
At last dissolve, and turn themselves to *dust*.
Live we a thousand years, we do but run
In debt to *Nature*; and when those days are done,
We are but *mortal*, subject to decay,
And *youth* and *age* must go the self-same way.
Reader, as often as *report* shall send
Unto thy *ears* the death of any *friend*, (wrong,
Wonder not that he's *dead*, that's too much
But rather wonder that he liv'd so long:
For *Life's* but like a *Candle*, every *Wind*
May puff it out, and leave a *snuff* behind.
But whither runs my *pen*? Does sorrow mean
To make of this an *everlasting scean*?

Lest

Lucas made *Sorrow* lovely, *Death* a pleasure,
And *Life* a trifle, *Misery* a treasure:
And now let no audacious tongue deny
That he taught *Death* to live, and *Life* to dye.
Now *gentle Soul*, go take thy sweet repose
In *Heav'ns* eternal *bed*, where none but *those*
Shall sleep, that in their *life-times* study'd how
To dye: there rest (*dear Soul*) I'le leave thee now.
My *heart* begins to quake, that word has bred
A *palsie* in my hand, and *grief* has spred
A *vail* upon my *Senses*; and *Confusion*
Steps in, and leads me to a sad *Conclusion*.
Shall I *begin*, or *end*, I know not whether;
Oh that I could begin and end together!
Begin, what's that, but to renew a *grief*?
To end, what's that, but to implore *relief*?
What shall I do? when as I strive to end,
I still forget to do what I intend.
When I begin, methinks I am content
Never to end: *Distraction* is th'event
Of *Sorrow*. (*Reader*) pardon this last error,
For I began with *grief*, and end with *terror*.

AN

AN EPITAPH.

C ome *gentle eyes*, and take a view,
H ere rests a *Jewel* was as true
A s *Truth* it self; see how *he* lies
R *enwr'd*, and *crown'd*, a *Sacrifice*.
L ay your *hands* upon your *hearts*,
E ach *eye* must weep before it parts.
S *igh*, and *sob*; let each *sigh* call

L *ove* to attend his *Funeral*.
U nderstand that this was *he*
C onquer'd *Death* and *Tyrannie*:
A nd when your *eyes* begin to run,
S ay ye've gaz'd upon a *Sun*.

AN

ELEGIE

Upon the Death of my dear Friend

Mr ROBERT REASON

Who quitted this life the 13.
NOVEMBER, 1646.

——*Sic voluêre Fata.*

By J. Q.

AH, whence proceed thoſe *ſwelling floods* (that riſe
Like *reſtles waves* frō my *tempeſtuous eys*?
The *ſurges* beat (provok'd by ſtormy paſſion)
My weather-beaten *ſenſes* out of faſhion.
But ah forbear (diſtemp'ring *grief*) ſurceaſe
Thoſe *ſtorms*, which rage againſt the ſhore of *peace*.
Forbear ſuperfluous *blaſts*, be not too brief
To daſh my *Soul* againſt the rocks of *grief*:
But ſtop a time (ſad *Genius*) here's a *ſtile*
Invites a *reſt*; Let's meditate a while:
Can *tears* expreſs a perfect *grief*? Or can
Exceſs of *language* re-inlarge a *man*

From

From *Death*-benumming shades? Can blubber'd eyes
Invite him back? Can integrating *cries*
Enforce a *life*, in spight of *death*? Can all
The doleful *sighings* in this world recall
Revolted *breath*? Oh no: 'Tis therefore vain
To think that *tears* can call him back again
From *Heav'ns* immortalizing Throne: Thus we
Fond men expand our own infirmitie;
And thus our spend-thrift eyes profusely flow
In lavish *tears*, for him whose *Soul* we know
Is far more happy then we can express:
(Why do we then lament his *happiness*?)
Then go (sad *Genius*) and advise all such
That grieve, to grieve, because they grievd so much
For him, who *Heav'n* hath lately made a stranger
To *grief*, who rests above the reach of danger;
There let him rest in a most *glorious sleep*:
And if weak *Nature* urgeth us to weep,
Let's weep, nay weep indeed, until our eyes,
Blinded with weeping, weep for new supplies:
Let's weep for *sin*, let troops of *sighs* attend
Our hasty tydes to their long journeys end.
Oh let's deplore our most unhappy *state*
Betimes, for fear lest time-devouring *fate*
Blocks up the narrow passage of our *breath*,
And so surprize us with a sudden *Death*:
And ah how soon the *shadow-flying days*
Of man consumes: how soon the troubled blaze
Of his frail *life* expires; and ah how soon
He finds a *night*, before he thinks 'tis *noon*:

And

And how the *pleaſures* of this ſordid *Earth*
Shadow his *ſenſes* with a *glimmering mirth*.
And what's this world? 'tis but a glaſs, wherein
Nothing appears but *Heav'n-confronting ſin*:
Alas, its *painted beauty* repreſents
Nothing but *folly*, crown'd with *diſcontents*:
There's nothing here that truly may be ſtil'd
A *happineſs*; here's nothing but's defil'd.
Alas, alas, in what a ſad condition
Is *duſt-compoſed man!* what expedition
He daily makes to gain thoſe things, which gain'd,
Gnaw him like *vipers*; thus are *mortals* ſtain'd
And blur'd with vanities; and thus they ſpend
Their *winged hours*, as if they could not end:
Fond *Earths-conſuming traſh* hath ſo combin'd
Their hearts to *worldly pleaſures*, that they mind
Nothing but profit, baſely gain'd, which ſhall
Mount them up here, but after let them fall.
But where's that *man*, whoſe *Soul* contrives to be
Imparadis'd, and crown'd with *dignitie*,
With *Hallelujahs Angels*, which controul
The Family of *Heav'n*, who ſtill inroul
In their ſublimer thoughts, how *great*, how *juſt*
Their *Maker* is, before whoſe *throne* all muſt
Appear with ſpotleſs *Souls*, and fly from hence
With downy wings of *Dove-like innocence*?
But ſtay my *quill*; have I thus ſoon forgot
My *boſom friend*, as if I lov'd him not?
No, no; though he be dead, he cannot dye,
Death cannot drive him from my *memory*,

Where

Where he shall rest, till time shall recommend
My *friend-bereaved Soul* unto my *friend*;
For whilest he liv'd, my *sympathizing heart*
Was truly *his*, and truly bore a part
In what he suffer'd; Ah but now he's fled,
And left me here, to say, *my friend is dead.* (back
Poor *soul!* and why poor *soul?* rash tongue, call
That fond abortive word; how can he lack,
That dayly feeds upon *delicious dyet* (*quiet?*
In *Heav'ns* great *store-house*, and knows no *dis-*
This was an Error that my hasty *quill*
Too rashly stept into against my will:
I hope 'tis venial, *Reason* may afford
A pardon for a grief-relapsed word.
When *passion* rules the *fancy*, men become
Vainly *Pragmatick*, or extreamly dumb:
But why *rash death*, why didst thou send thy *dart*
To take possession of his *willing heart*,
And gave no longer warning? was there none
Could please thy *pallate*, only him alone?
'Twas quickly ended, and as soon begun;
Believe me *death*, 'twas but unfriendly done.
But why do I (fond man) expostulate
With thee, that art an *all-consuming fate?*
Th'ast done a happy deed, I dare not blame
Thy *power*, because I know from whence it came.
Shall I, because he was my friend, repine
At his *departure?* was he *Heav'ns* or *mine?*
I yield him *Heav'ns*, not *mine*; but yet I might
Claim him as finite, *Heav'n* as infinite.

He

He was but lent me for a time, that I
And others by his *life* might learn to dye:
Whileſt he enjoy'd the *fulneſs* of his *breath*,
His *life* was a preparative for *death*:
His whole delight and ſtudy was to pry
Into the boſom of *Divinity*; (that thoſe
From whence he ſuck'd ſuch wholeſom ſtreams,
Which heard him, gave a *plaudit* to his cloſe:
His dayly practice was, how to fulfil
And proſecute his *great Redeemers* will:
Heav'n was his *Meditation*, and he gave
A reverent reſpect unto his grave:
Faith, *Hope*, and *Charity* did ſweetly reſt
Within the *Counſel-chamber* of his *breſt*;
And in a word, the *graces* did agree
To make one *happy Soul*, and this was he:
As for his *moral duties*, they were ſuch,
That ſhould I ſtrive, I could not ſpeak too much:
His *civil carriage* towards all men might claim
A perfect *right* to a beloved *name*:
His *actions* were ſo juſt, that they may tell,
He liv'd uprightly, and he dy'd as well:
His *love*, his ſweet *ſociety* might call
Ten thouſand *tears* t'attend his *funeral*:
And to conclude, in him all men might find
A *real heart*, and a moſt *noble mind*:
But now he's gone, his *winged Soul's* aſpir'd
To *Heav'ns high Palace*, where he ſits attir'd
With *glorious immortality*, and ſings
Melodious Anthems to the *King* of *Kings*.

There, there his melting *Soul*, ravish'd to see
The *Sun-bright throne* of splendent *Majestie*,
Adores his wel-pleas'd *maker*, who makes known
He's pleas'd to crown, and keep him for his own;
Oh there he rests, free from the rubs of Earth,
Hugging no *shadow*, but a real *mirth*:
Oh there's no *grief*, no *sorrow* found to vex
His *peaceful Soul*; no *trouble* to perplex,
Or blast his *new-bred joys*; there is no *woe*,
No *care*, no *pain*, no *misery*, no *foe*,
That dare presume to interrupt him; all
Must stand aloof, and not appear, nor shall
Incroaching bold-fac'd *grief*, nor pale-fac'd *spight*
Dare interpose t'eclipse one blaze of light.
Oh there methinks I hear him sweetly sing, (*Sting?*
Grave, where's thy power? Oh Death, where's thy
Methinks I hear his warbling tongue declare,
How good his works, how great his wonders are:
Methinks I see a great united *Band*
Of glitt'ring *Angels*, how prepar'd they stand
To welcom *him*: Methinks I hear them say, (way,
March on *blest Soul*, thou need'st not doubt the
Oh *glorious sight!* In what triumphing *state*
They guard his *Soul* to *Heav'ns refulgent gate*;
Where when he comes disrob'd of all his *sin*,
The *gates* fly open, and his *Soul* flies in.
Methinks my *ravish'd ears* are fill'd and blest
With such *harmonious raptures*, and possest
With such *varieties*, that even I,
Were *sin* absolved, would resolve to dye.

Methinks I hear within *Heav'ns Eccboing Grove*
The *quavering Angels* chant, as if they ſtrove
T'excel themſelves: Methinks that every *breath*
Is a ſweet *Invitation* unto *death*.
But oh what rare, or what profound *invention*,
Beatifi'd with a ſtrong apprehenſion,
Can ſound the depth of thoſe *delights*, which he
Shall ſwim and bathe in to *Eternitie*:
There reſt *dear Soul*, having thus conquer'd *fate*,
Thy pleaſures never ſhall expire their *date*.
There, there the *Alpha* of thy joys ſhall never
Know an *Omega*, but be bleſt for ever
With *Alpha* and *Omega*, who ſhall crown
Thy *throne-approaching Soul* with true renown,
Whileſt we confuſed *mortals* here below
Gulp up the *dregs of ſorrow*, and beſtow
Curſes in ſtead of *prayers* upon each other,
And dayly labour to confuſe, and ſmother
Our *ſerene happineſs*, and turn thoſe *joys*
Which *Heav'n* allow'd us, to neglected *toys*:
And thus our deviating *Souls* befool
Themſelves, and practiſe in the common School
Of Errors: Thus erroneouſly we bend
Our *flexive minds* to *folly*, and commend
Non-ſence for *Wiſdom*; *Reaſon* being dead,
Repoſe my Muſe, diſcretion calls to bed.